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And Chronicle

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Original Poetry.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

When Evening comes with pensive smile
To dress the couch of weary Day,
And o'er the beauteous west the while
Her myriad hues of glory play;
And silence spreads her downy wing
O'er verdant land, and rosy sea,
And memory's round my spirit cling—
I think of thee!

When night is holy as the tomb,
And opens wide her beading scroll,
Whose "starry language" through the gloom
Proclaims the praise of nature's soul,
And thoughts of human littleness
And dreamings of the Life to be,
Move o'er my heart's deep loneliness—
I think of thee!

When morning opes her dewy eyes
And wreaths her lips in smiles again,
And vocal are the freshened skies
With music from the grove and glen;
And onward in life's pilgrim way
I move with step more light and free—
And even at the noon of day,
I think of thee!

When this sad eye is turned to view
The spirit beam on Beauty's brow—
The softness of her eye's deep blue,
Or cheek where roses faintly blow;
And can but own her mystic power,
Her pure and bright divinity—
Still in that gay and rapturous hour
I think of thee!

And even now, as here I press
The silver sands of Rockaway,
And at my feet with mournful stress
The waves of ocean beat and play;
And voices of the bright and young
Are round me, tuned to joy and glee,
I turn me from the mirthful throng
To sing to thee!

S. SWAIN, JR.

Original Sketch.

A CAPE MAY DIAMOND; OR, A Stroll Along the Beach.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY ELIHU D. TARR

"I am a stranger to you," said a young man of pale visage, but expressive countenance, to an elderly gentleman, who sat upon the fragment of a wreck near the beach at Cape May. The old gentleman was startled at the sound of a voice so near him, but the surprise evident upon his features soon gave place to a pleasant smile, as he replied, "We are all Strangers and Pilgrims here, and yet we are brethren having a common Father, and Travellers to the same Eternity." This turn given to the conversation, was as unwelcome as it was unexpected to the young man, who replied, "I have wandered thus far, eagerly examining each pebble which the retiring wave has left upon the beach, in the hope of finding a *diamond*, but have been unsuccessful." At this announcement the countenance of the old man glowed with unusual brightness. His eyes—which age had somewhat dimmed—sparkled with delight. A heavenly smile played around his mouth, while his whole frame seemed to be infused with new life and vigor; and rising from his seat, he pressed with warmth and fervor the hand of the youth, and bade him take a seat beside him upon the wreck. His manner—his age—the circumstances of their meeting—the retiring sun—the vast waste of waters, with each surrounding object mellowed down the youth, and he felt an affection and respect for his aged companion which seemed more like the growth of years than the formation of a few brief moments. For a little while after they were seated, nothing was heard save the low but incessant moan of the sea, or the slight splash of the wave as it spent itself upon the shore. During this time, the young man had his eye fixed upon the sand, while the gaze of the other was fixed on the heavens. Both were wrapped in deep meditation. At length the old man drew from his pocket something carefully enveloped in paper, and wiping a stray tear from his furrowed cheek, he fixed his eye upon the youth and thus addressed him: "So you have wandered hither *in search of a diamond*, but have found none. I have now numbered three score and ten years. Strange as it may seem, just 45 years ago to-day, I, like yourself, strayed along this beach, in search of the same object. The fragment of a wreck upon which we now sit, was then here, but much larger, and in a more perfect state of preservation; but like this frail tabernacle of mine, it is fast falling to decay. Here I stopped to rest, unconscious of the distance I had come. I felt disappointed at my ill success and felt disposed to murmur. It was much such a day as this, and near this hour of the day. I gradually forgot my lonely situation, and looked out with delight upon ocean agitated by a slight breeze, and marked the onward course of each white sail that bounded over its bosom. I thought of the poor mariner and his perils, I heard the rage of the wind and dashing billow, and I feared for the fate of the proud ship and her noble crew. The lightning's blinding blaze, and the thunder's deafening crash seemed a present reality. I pictured the frail bark dashed mountain high, and the crew straining every nerve to keep her from the nearing breakers but in vain—the elements are too powerful for human might, and she is carried with the lashing surges, a prey to their anger. As I saw here and there a human form struggling with the angry billow, and endeavoring to reach a spar or rope, I involuntarily grasped hold of the wreck upon which I was seated. This awoke me from my reverie. But unloosing my grasp, I discovered near by the part to which I had taken hold, this small piece of printed paper, which I carelessly took up, but finding it contained something, I opened its folds and found that it contained the very thing, the search for which had brought me here—*a diamond*. I viewed it with delight, and turned it over and over again to discover and admire brilliance and beauty. It is, as you see, a most precious gem. I have kept it ever since in the same paper in which I found it. I have gazed upon it a thousand times, and as often seen new beauties to admire. But the most valuable part of my prize remained undiscovered or unobserved by me until some months after, when having taken it from my desk to again feast upon its beauties, something in the reading of the paper arrested my attention, and for the first time I perused it. I will not tell you its contents. The *diamond* is of but little use to me, it is therefore yours. It will save you the mortification of disappointment. I have long valued the precepts found upon the wrapper more than the diamond itself. I exact but one promise in return for it. It is this, that you will at an early day read the envelope." The promise was made, and a solemn but expressive embrace separated them. The young man retired to his lodgings, and with eager delight uncovered his prize and exhibited it with great admiration to his gay companions. When the stillness of night wooed him to sleep, he dreamed of its beauty, and awoke in an ecstacy of delight. Till this moment he had forgotten his promise, and his cheek crimsoned with shame and conscious ingratitude. He arose, and trimming the expiring taper, he carefully unfolded the paper, when his eye fell upon this sentence: "And Jesus saith, Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourself bags which wax not old—*a treasure in the heavens that faileth not*, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth; for where your *treasure is*, there will your *heart be also. What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*"

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

In a certain great city of the new world, which shall be nameless, there once lived, and, in fact, lives still, a citizen, at one time somewhat better known than respected, but who maintained rather a dignified position in society, on the score of the possession of three tin boxes, painted green, one of which was filled with deeds of the kind which may be emphatically called *good* deeds—the second, with bonds and mortgages—the third, with certificates of the stock of various incorporations, no one of which divided less than ten per cent. per annum. These were his patents of nobility, and gave him equal claims with those highly descended nobles of the old world, possessing a coat of arms with thirty-six quarterings, and a pedigree derived from the most impenetrable obscurity. And why should they not? It would be difficult to give a good reason why bonds, mortgages and stocks, gained by a life of persevering industry, should not confer equal rank and dignity, with lands acquired, for the most part, originally, by rapine and oppression.

Be this as it may; our wealthy citizen, whose name was Caleb Plant, had, by dint of pouring over his genealogy in the tin boxes, gradually acquired a considerable degree of self-sufficiency. He would occasionally indulge in various sarcastic innuendoes, having reference to upstart pretenders; and as for his good lady, she held her head above the clouds, and trod the world under her feet—by which is meant, that she despised all beneath, and crouched to all above her. If a titled foreigner came in the way of Caleb and his spouse, he might think himself extremely fortunate if he escaped being surfeited by a quick succession, a perfect *feu de joie*, of horrible attentions. Mrs. Plant having been, at least, fifteen years on the turf of fashion, considered herself one of the aborigines of the *beau monde*, and her indignation at the intrusion of an interloper was awful. Had it been possible, she would have planted spring-guns and man-traps around the sacred precincts, to deter these insolent poachers. In short, Caleb was a millionaire, which, in all conscience, is equal to the title of count, or marquis, with thirty generations of uninterrupted gentility.

But though Caleb often said so, he never could bring himself to think so, for there was always in a secret corner of his heart a lurking consciousness of inferiority, whenever he came in contact with persons of real merit; for, after all the paltry pretensions of rank and wealth, that is the standard by which men always estimate each other in the end. We may contemplate the distant shadow of a pigmy, as it lengthens over the plain, with admiration for a moment, but the instant we compare it with the substance, the illusion vanishes. In like manner the rank, the splendor, and the power of kings, which overwhelm the imagination with a feeling of awe and reverence, dwindle into objects of contempt and derision, when we find, from the evidence of the senses, that they are in the possession of a fool, or a madman. The way to estimate the real dignity of men, is to bring them into contact with each other, and set them in action. It is then that the great talker often turns out a coward, the rich man incapable of protecting his own wealth, and that the king becomes dependent on the basket-maker. Caleb often learned this lesson; and, though it made him never the wiser, it detracted much from that portion of his happiness which was derived from the ignoble pride of superior wealth. He was perpetually reminded, not by the ill-natured sneers of others, but by his own self-consciousness, that the men he affected to look down upon, were incomparably above him in knowledge, in intellect, and in all the qualities that give one man a natural claim to superiority over another. His great wealth, by investing him with the power to confer benefits and inflict injuries, necessarily gave him a station and influence in society; but, though others might think him great, he always felt himself little; and the latter years of his life had been one incessant struggle to disguise from himself what he often managed to conceal from the world. Hence he was zealous in cultivating the acquaintance of strangers, or rather inviting them to great entertainments, where he sought to dazzle them by outward show, while his inward deficiencies escaped detection in the labyrinth of a crowd, or behind an immense silver tureen.

Caleb Plant had come to the city a poor country boy, and by a series of well directed industry, joined to the most rigid habits of economy, aided by constant prudence, and that occasional good fortune by which it is ever rewarded, about the age of forty-five had amassed a great estate. The prudent mothers of grown up daughters had long had their eyes upon him, but he was too busy, too constantly in action to be hit by the shaft of Cupid, who seldom succeeds in shooting flying. It is impossible for a man to fall in love while he is running full tilt after Lady Fortune; and friend Caleb never contemplated the desperate throw of the matrimonial die, until one bitter, stormy evening, when the wind whistled, the snow beat against the windows, and the "spirit of the storm," as often conjured up by modern bards, roared and yelled and knocked furiously at the doors and windows for admittance. Caleb sat alone at his fireside. He had read the newspaper, and attempted a story in some mammoth sheet, and got along pretty smoothly, until it became necessary to turn over a new leaf, when he lost the track, wandered from one vast region to another, until he became perfectly bewildered, and, at length, so impatient that he cast it into the flames, and thereby incontinently set fire to the chimney. After the hubbub had subsided, he threw himself back in his chair, and began to sum up what he was worth; but not being able to ascertain the point altogether to his satisfaction, he had resort to his tin boxes, and clearly made himself out a millionaire. He pondered on this agreeable circumstance until he fairly got tired—for even the contemplation of wealth is a pleasure that wears threadbare at last—and could hardly keep his eyes open, though it was only eight o'clock. All at once, however, he started up with great alacrity, and, ringing the bell, ordered a glass of whiskey punch, with which he regaled himself gloriously. But, after all, drinking with oneself, thought Caleb, is a poor business. He had a great mind to call in his factotum Absalom and have a set to with him, until his dignity came and rescued him from the grovelling alternative. Then he suddenly rose again from his chair, paced the room from right to left, and from one corner to another, with his head declined a little forward, as if in deep thought, and his hands clasped behind him. Thus he continued for some time, when suddenly he seemed to become inspired—he rubbed his hands together, cocked his nose and chin, and exclaimed at intervals, in disjointed sentences, "Yes—yes—I wonder I never thought of it before. I'll do it, by Jupiter—I'll look out for a wife, as soon as this infernal storm is over." Thus a long storm and a glass of whiskey punch brought Caleb Plant to the desperate point of matrimony. How many Benedicts can give better reasons than these!

It cleared up, however, during the night; the snows had all melted away; the morn was bright and cheery; and Caleb remembered he had yet many resources against matrimony. He belonged to three clubs, each meeting once a week; he exchanged dinners as regularly as clock-work, twice a week with two of his most particular friends; and, on Saturday evenings he played whist at home, with two old cronies, and dummy. Thus the six days were pretty well disposed of, but the seventh day, and most especially the evening, brought the tug of war; and, for three months from the memorable night of the whiskey punch and the snow storm, he regularly came to a determination to get married every Sunday evening.

But the resolutions of men, and especially of a bachelor of forty five, are like the sands held in suspension by the current of the stream while in a state of agitation, and which suddenly subside in a state of repose. It was not until about the middle of August following, that the punch and the snow storm received a reinforcement that finally enabled them to carry the day in favor of matrimony. As Caleb was shaving himself one morning, he received two great shocks, in quick succession, which brought him to the feet of Dan Cupid in an instant. The first was the discovery of two very considerable circular furrows, ploughed by time, from the tip of his nose to the corners of his mouth; the second, the detection of a slight approximation of some straggling hairs about his ears to gray. He immediately rang the bell furiously, and, as the servant entering somewhat in alarm, he exclaimed—

"Absalom!"

"Sir!"

"Get the carriage and horses in order—pack up my clothes, and be ready to-morrow morning to set out for the Springs. And, do you hear, lock up my spectacles—"

"In the portmanteau, sir?"

"No, blockhead, in the cabinet. I shan't want them."

The next morning Caleb, having no notes to pay, was off to the springs, with his splendid equipage, and without his spectacles. Some very sensible, well informed writers have seriously questioned the sagacity of gentlemen seekers, who go to the Springs, or other public resorts, to look for a helpmate; but, for our part, we think the plan of Caleb Plant was very sensible and judicious. These are times that try the souls of women as well as men; and these occur quite as frequently at public places as within the domestic circle. Nay, the excitements are much greater, and the sins more besetting. It is there that human vanity is most successfully assailed; that envy, jealousy, and petty malice find their constant sphere of exercise, as well as their keenest stimulants; and she who can best withstand their instigations is the lady for a bachelor's money. When he meets with one who speaks low, not from fear that she is saying what she ought not, but from modest diffidence; when he sees her admired without effort; neglected without ill-nature; outshone without envy, and followed without looking behind, let him gather himself together—yea, let him forthwith single her out from the rest of the sinful race of the daughters of Eve; let him cast himself, his equipage and his million at her feet, and if she do not accept him, it will not be the fault of her prudent mamma. But if, on the other hand, he finds a fair and beautiful young damsel, who talks loud in public; laughs like a certain animal called a horse; is impatient of admiration, and splenetic at being overlooked; one who cannot represent a wall flower without turning yellow with envy, or submit to abdicate the throne when claimed by the legitimate heir; one who usurps the prerogative of the Grand Signior, by throwing the handkerchief herself; one, in short, who waltzes with every ferocious stranger, in whiskers, at a moment's warning. When thou shalt encounter such a damsel, I say unto thee, Oh! bachelor, flee to the uttermost ends of the earth; bury thyself deep under blankets and comfortables—*pile Ossa on Pelion*; yea, verily, cut a stick—make tracks, for thou art barking up the wrong tree. Or, if all other means fail, get thyself reported bankrupt, and if that don't save thee, thou art foredoomed.

His arrival at the springs created a sensation, and there was a great fluttering among the birds of paradise. It is true, Caleb was no beauty. He was somewhat bandy, his shoulders were as round as those of a fashionable belle; he was suspected of being pigeontoed, and he wanted *tournure*—he could never catch that indescribable grace with which our fashionable gentlemen carry their hands in their coat pockets. But he was a millionaire. Nor did he pretend to any particular accomplishment; he could neither murder French, dance the waltz, nor drive four in hand. But then he was a millionaire. As to mental cultivation, his pretensions were equally slender. He never read the reviews, consequently he never ventured an opinion on books; all his manuscripts were in his tin boxes, and he valued none except those which began with "Know all men by these presents." But then he was a millionaire. He had not been two days at the Springs, before he was quite at home with all the ladies of the least pretensions, and hand and glove with all the gentlemen. He was under no necessity to make himself agreeable, for the ladies took all the trouble off his shoulders; and wherever he went he was accompanied by a cortege of men, who listened to his opinions with profound devotion, and reverenced him as an oracle.

There is nothing which so soon upsets the gravity of men of a certain age, as the admiration of the other sex. Men, except they are of entirely different pursuits and professions, seldom admire each other with sincerity; there is apt to be a little spice of envy or jealousy at the bottom. Hence they do not value the respect of each other so much as the homage of the ladies, who, being free from all rivalry with them, are presumed to be perfectly disinterested. Caleb could not withstand these attentions; his head grew dizzy, he actually became frisky, and was one night seduced into the enormous indiscretion of dancing a quadrille with Miss Julia Philbrick, the belle of the Springs, who persuaded him it was the simplest thing in the world. He got through with it awkwardly enough, and would certainly have been laughed at, if he had not been a millionaire. Two other feats are on record in the annals of the Springs. He attempted a waltz, but, the third round, his head began to swim like a top, a whirlwind raged in his ears, the floor rose up before him in great billows, and his partner seemed to be flying in the air. Caleb had just sufficient discretion to dart to a seat, leaving his partner to her fate, who is reported to have whirled round the circle three times before she could stop herself. Such a catastrophe might have been fatal to any other man, but Caleb was a millionaire. His last great feat, was attempting to climb the Lover's Rock, to which he was imprudently excited by the insinuations of a young gentleman, having pretensions to the good graces of Miss Julia Philbrick, who was rather old to try the experiment. He had got near the summit, when his evil genius prompted him to look down upon what seemed an abyss of a thousand feet; his knees trembled, his heart throbbed, his head swam, and there is no knowing what might have happened, had not Miss Julia Philbrick reached him the end of a pocket handkerchief, for which she gave forty eight dollars, by the aid of which he was enabled to reach the top. This was the last performance of the millionaire, who was afterward content to repose under the shade of his laurels.

From that time, he considered Julia as the preserver of his life, and his gratitude corresponded with the benefit. She had saved a million of dollars, and deserved to be rewarded. His attentions became rather particular; he dipped water for her from the Pierian Spring, invited the mother and daughter to ride in his carriage and four, and asked them how they rested every morning. Mrs. Philbrick—whose husband was a Mr. Nobody, and therefore not worth mentioning—was gifted with a world of motherly sagacity, and thought it was now time to draw the net a little closer about this precious gold fish. She had, several years before, got some how or other out of health, and was pining away with that singularly incomprehensible malady which baffles the skill of all our physicians, and can only be cured by the saintlike air of Paris. There she had thoroughly got rid of all those vulgar republican notions about mutual affection, exchanges of hearts, parity of age, connubial happiness, and all that sort of nonsense. She had learnt to know that the true end, object and destiny of all young ladies in matrimonial speculations, was obtaining a settlement. As to love without money, it was out of the question; and she held, with the better sort of people, as well as our unsophisticated Indians, that daughters were mere subjects of barter or sale, and that the first duty of an affectionate parent was to get as much for them as possible.

She had attempted to instil this excellent system of philosophy into her daughter, and had succeeded indifferently well. Julia was a clever girl; one of those on whom nature has kindly bestowed a disposition to be amiable and happy. Had she been blessed with a mother such as she deserved, she would have been all the best of mothers could have wished, for she was handsome enough to charm the eye, and might have been good enough to rivet the affections her beauty inspired. Her example is her guide, her precepts her decalogue; and when we see a worthless son, or a wilful, wayward, extravagant daughter, one may be almost sure the mother has been neglectful of the plant to which she gave being, but which she never nourished with the dew of affection, or the genial warmth of sleepless maternal care. Happy the child that has a wise and virtuous mother, and wretched should be the mother that has a worthless child, for if she look into her own heart, ten to one she will find that the fault is her own.

It was the unlucky destiny of poor Julia to have such a mother, and to be still more unfortunate in a father whose easy habits of passive indolence were such, that he was content to let every one around him do as they pleased, provided they would only let him alone. He hated trouble so much that he was always in trouble to avoid it; and a straw in his way was equal to an impossibility with other people. It is thus that Providence smooths the path of life into a dead level, where the only real sources of inequality in our portion of enjoyment are evil thoughts and evil deeds, visited, as they always will be, by the scourge of conscience, and haunted by the vindictive fiend remorse.

Poor Julia! no wonder the rich soil of her heart was sown with tares, by the precepts and example of her mother, the indolent neglect of her father. She had the most fashionable education, which, there is too much cause to believe, is not the most effectual barrier against the temptations of this world; and she grew up to place her happiness entirely in the possession of the means of indulging those vapid, heartless pleasures, that give nothing in return for robbing the heart of all its lasting and substantial sources of happiness. The only duty taught her by her mother, was that of implicit obedience; and, in process of time, this salutary obligation became so powerful that it finally superseded all the virtuous impulses of her heart, while it overpowered all the promptings of her reason. Sometimes, indeed, both would rebel; but, at the period of which I am speaking, long habits of submission to her mother's precepts had almost completely subverted the independence of her mind; while a laborious pursuit of those pleasures which, though they are incapable of satisfying the craving appetite for happiness, render all other aliment distasteful, had hardened her heart to those more gentle and endearing feelings, which gray beards call dreams, only when they have outlived their enjoyment, and can never hope for their return.

The details of the siege of the citadel of the millionaire, would be too tedious, we will not say disgusting, to those who set a proper value on the purity and dignity of woman. We, therefore, pass over the various manoeuvres of the wily mother; the fantastic and original devoirs of Caleb, and the struggles of the victim, Julia, whose heart often rebelled against the sacrifice she was called upon to make to the golden calf, but was as often reduced to obedience by the habit of submission to her mother, aided by those visions of splendid misery presented in perspective from the inexhaustible purse of the millionaire. Before the season was over, Caleb had proposed, was accepted, and Mrs. Philbrick had the satisfaction not only of being the mother-in-law of a millionaire, but of triumphing over her particular friend, Mrs. Mugford, with whom she was very intimate, and who had a daughter her mother would very willingly have substituted in place of poor Julia. But the daughter happened to have a will of her own, and, we will do her the justice to say, was almost the only unmarried lady at the Springs who could resist the millionaire. Her reasons were so conclusive, that we will here record part of a conversation between mother and daughter, for the benefit of all young ladies similarly situated.

"But what objections," said the mother, "have you to setting your cap at Mr. Plant—don't you know that he is a millionaire?"

"Oh, Lord, yes—every body knows that—but I dislike his name—I shouldn't like to be called Mrs. Plant—it is so common."

"Well, but, my dear Louisa, he can get his name changed to Plantville, by applying to the Legislature. These millionaires can do any thing, you know. Besides, who knows but his name may be Plantagenet, and that he has changed it to Plant for shortness?"

"But I have other insuperable objections, ma."

"Well! what are they, my love?"

"Why, he hasn't got any moustaches—I can't bear men without moustaches, they look so vulgar. They never *can* be distingue without moustaches."

"Well, but, my love, if Mr. Plant cannot be, as you say, astringent—"

"Lord, ma! I said distingue—I meant distinguished, ma."

"Well, then, why didn't you say so, my love? But if Mr. Plant can't be distinguished for moustaches—he can make his wife distinguished for her carriage, her house, her furniture, her dress, her jewels, her dinners and her *soirées*—and what can a reasonable woman want more?"

"My dear ma, it's useless to talk about Mr. Plant. He can't waltz—and I never *can* or *will* marry a man that can't waltz; though, for that matter, I should never waltz with him after marriage, for fear of losing my reputation."

"Very well, my love, you may go further and fare worse. A millionaire is not to be had every day—and—"

"Oh! Lord, ma, there's the ball opening, and I am engaged to waltz with the foreign gentleman with such beautiful moustaches—I forget his name, for I have only seen him once this morning. He is just arrived from Europe, and Julia Philbrick, I'm sure, is dying to waltz with him—" and away she ran, leaving the good lady mother at a nonplus.

If Julia was offered, or had offered herself, up a sacrifice to the mammon of unrighteousness, and made *herself* a martyr, she was determined to enjoy the heaven thus dearly purchased. She resolved at once to become the bell-wether of the flock, the most distinguished of the tribe, the incontestable leader of fashion. This enviable eminence was seldom to be gained, in the great city she inhabited, except by the possession or at least the expenditures of a great deal of money. Either of these answered equally well; and the miser who had amassed his wealth by extortion and abstinence, who never missed a chance of availing himself of the misfortunes of others, or seized an occasion to alleviate distress, was equally an object of profound deference with the dashing spendthrift, who entertained the world at his table, and was equally liberal to his friends as charitable to the poor, at the expense of his creditors.

There are various modes of drilling a bachelor after he has been metamorphosed into a married man, and divers wiseacres have puzzled themselves to account for the facility with which the most silly, superficial women hit upon the shortest, as well as most certain system to train the lordly despot into submission. They do not consider that, with here and there an exception, all that is necessary to the success of the process of taming, is a tolerable insight into the character of the subject of the experiment; and that such are the daily, nay hourly, opportunities afforded in the constant associations or conflicts of domestic life, that little reflection and less sagacity is required to enable either party to comprehend the weak side of the other. A little condescension, a series of doses, dexterously administered to the ruling passion, will, if the good man is not altogether impracticable, by degrees subdue him into quiet acquiescence. There are, however, some men who must be conquered by opposition; open, undisguised rebellion to lawful authority. To humor them, but increases their waywardness, and their obstinacy only becomes more contumacious, by having nothing to encounter.

Such a man was the millionaire. He had begun the world without any of those supposed advantages, which are, in truth, often the greatest disadvantages; he had amassed an immense fortune by his own labors and good management; and, whoever else might doubt, he was perfectly convinced in his own mind that he was a remarkably clever fellow. Doubt the talents of a millionaire—thought Caleb. You may as well deny that a man who has conquered kingdoms is a hero. In addition to this, he had been his own absolute, uncontrolled master up to the age of forty-five, and in that time a man becomes a pretty obstinate twig to bend. Add to this, that he possessed but little sensibility either to mental or personal beauty, and the reader will imagine that Julia had a hard task before her, in reducing her impracticable helpmate to a proper state of quiescence.

Yet Caleb was in reality the easiest man in the world to manage. He was a bull that might be subdued at once if you only seized him by the horns. In short, he was a passionate fellow; and, what is worse, always blew out his steam before the vessel got fairly under way. He consequently expended all his powder previous to the commencement of the battle, and before the enemy came fairly in sight he was *hors de combat*, and had nothing left for it but to surrender at discretion. These were the rough materials on which Julia had to operate, and she commenced without loss of time. She began in the last quarter of the honey-moon, when, as every body knows, the planet is pretty well on the wane.

"My dear Mrs. Plant," said Caleb one morning at breakfast—

"Mrs. Plant!" iterated Julia, turning up her pretty Grecian nose a little superciliously—but a sudden thought coming over her, she checked herself. "My dear," said she, in tones that might have softened the heart of a tiger—"My dear"—she never could bring herself to call him Caleb—"My dear, I wish you would oblige me in one single thing, and I promise never to ask for the like again."

"Well, what is it, Julia?"

"Change your name, my dear. You know I've changed mine to oblige you, and one good turn deserves another."

"What!" answered Caleb, dashing down his cup with considerable emphasis—"What! change my name, and be obliged to get all my bonds, deeds, mortgages and certificates of stock altered from Caleb Plant to Caleb Plantville, or I don't know what!"

"Yes, Plantville—that is a charming name—it sounds like the founder of a city—and now I think of it, you might purchase a site somewhere out in the west, and establish a great emporium to be called after your name, and carry it down to the latest generations. But Plant! Oh! my dear, dear husband, if you only knew how it puts me in mind of planting cabbages and onions!"

Caleb was a perfect percussion cap—a charge of fulminating powder—in short, he was a millionaire, and things are come to a fine pass when a millionaire can't fall into a passion extempore, just when he pleases.

"I'll tell you what, my dear Jul—I mean Mrs. Plant—my name is a good name, it will pass for a million on 'Change, and if you don't like it you may give it me back again, that's all!" and then, as is always the case with men of his temperament, he gradually inflamed himself by his own words and the sound of his own voice, like a lion lashing himself with his tail—"Yes, madam, Plant is a good name—you'll not find it in the list of bankrupts, where so many of your fashionable friends cut a figure. But, madam, I'll tell you where you'll find it"—and he looked like a hero—"You'll find it belonging to a man that wont be made a fool of by his wife, his mother-in-law, his second cousins, nor all of them put together."

"Well, my dear," replied Julia, as smooth as oil and perfectly self-possessed, "Well, my dear, whatever you may say of Plant, I hope you don't mean to defend that awful name Caleb. Why, don't you know that's the name the hunters give to the grizzly bears in the great west? Mr. Catlin told me so. Old Caleb! ha! ha! only think of having the same name as the grizzly bear, when you grow old as you will do in a very few years."

This speech blew up Caleb into a flame, as well it might, and produced a decisive contest, which ended in his being completely routed. Julia maintained that self-command which is held to be the perfection of good breeding, and said the slyest, cutting things in the most genteel tone and manner possible. Caleb blustered, swore, and actually abused both his wife and mother-in-law, in such a wholesale style, that he thought, on reflection, the only way of making amends was by changing his name as soon as possible. It happened that a friend, a member of the legislature, dropped in while the discussion was going on, to whom Julia immediately applied, stating that her husband, in expectation of inheriting the estate of a distant relative, who had no children, and who had given him several broad hints on the subject, was desirous of changing his name from Caleb Plant to Hyacinth Plantville, and begged the honorable member to interest himself in this behalf. The honorable member immediately proffered his best services—for what member could refuse so small a trifle to a millionaire? The honorable legislature changed his name with as much celerity as legislatures generally pass appropriations for the god of their idolatry, the glorious per diem; the bill was read three times by the clerk, so fast that not a soul could understand it, which was, however, of little consequence, as nobody listened, and passed unanimously—for what honorable body can resist a millionaire? Caleb Plant came out Hyacinth Plantville as clear as a whistle.

"What an impudent jade is that wife of mine," quoth Caleb, in a short soliloquy, after the honorable member had concluded his visit; "What consummate impudence! but never mind, I paid her beforehand. I gave her a piece of my mind, and there is no use in saying any thing more on the subject. Hyacinth! d—n Hyacinth, it puts me in mind of a flower-pot in a window. But Plantville is not so bad—ville—what's ville in French? Oh! now I recollect; a city. I shall certainly follow the suggestion of Julia, and found a great emporium somewhere in Illinois, Iowa, or Wisconsin, to transmit my name to posterity. Upon my word, she is a handsome, sensible hussy after all is said and done." Self love will solace itself with such crumbs of comfort sometimes.

This victory was decisive, although it by no means prevented future contests, which all ended in the same way. Caleb—we beg pardon, Hyacinth—scolded sometime; sometimes swore; and was occasionally a little scurrilous; Julia kept her temper, took it all quietly, let him say what he would, and then did as she pleased afterward. The poets were fools who feigned the lion was subdued by a virgin; a wife is worth a dozen of them in the taming process.

The millionaire having, not long after his subjection was finally achieved, been appointed one of the commissioners to decide on the location of a pump, in a very critical position, was complimented by the title of honorable, and his glory consummated. He bought a site—unsight unseen—at a great price, founded a city on a rock, at the head of the navigation of a river, that contained no water except during heavy rains or the melting of the snows; appointed a long headed, calculating genius his agent, who laid it out in lots and squares, with most illustrious names; suborned an artist to paint the emporium with all the houses, churches, and public edifices in anticipation, which he got lithographed by an expert builder of cities; as a last *coup de main*, sold several lots at auction, which he bought in himself at a swingeing price.

In the mean time, Mrs. Hyacinth Plantville had become the incontestable leader of that strange, fantastic, indefinable shadow, Fashion, which has never been defined, because it is in reality nothing. Politically we may be free, but there is no people on earth so completely henpecked in every thing relating to modes, manners, dress and opinion as our worthy countrymen, and more especially our charming countrywomen. They are both absolute slaves—one to foreign reviewers, the other to French milliners. Did our limits allow it, we would trace her step by step, and disclose the mysterious process by which she attained this awful pre-eminence. Suffice it to say, that she was a handsome, shrewd, clever woman, and had the advice and assistance of a mother more experienced than herself. But, had she been a simpleton and a dowdy, her husband was a founder of cities and a millionaire. She could afford to waste—at least she wasted—more money than any of her rivals, and the old proverb has a peculiar application to the votaries of fashion, who are supposed to be directly descended from the ancient worshippers of the golden calf.

In process of time, she became the mother of two children, a son and a daughter, and the birth of the former was the crisis of her fate. Had she done what her heart, in the secret core of which nature sometimes made an unavailing struggle, prompted her to do; had she sacrificed those empty delusions which not only never confer happiness themselves, but render their slaves incapable of deriving it elsewhere; had she stopped short in her career of idle, unsubstantial vanity; had she, in one word, assumed and fulfilled the sacred duties of a mother, she might have not only been happy herself, but prevented the happiness of her children from being wrecked forever. But, like the inexperienced mother of our race, she was tempted by the glistening eyes, the golden waving scales, and wicked whisperings, of the wily serpent, Vanity, and after a few struggles, the last she ever felt, yielded a final and decisive victory. She who resists and conquers the first fond yearnings of a mother's heart, need never hope to be overcome by any other impulse of duty or affection; for her fate is ever afterward to starve on empty pleasures, and never to know the purest, most sacred, most delightful and absorbing of all the cares and enjoyments that fall to the lot of woman. She may consider herself forsaken of her God, for she has abandoned the post of honor in which he had placed her, by acting in direct opposition to that heaven-born instinct which impels even the wild beasts of the forest to nurse and protect their offspring in the days of their helplessness.

But Julia had fallen a victim to her mother's vanity, and she now offered up her children at the shrine of her own. One of the most formidable of her competitors for the bauble sceptre of fashion, just about the period of the birth of her son, had returned from a tour in Europe, during which she had spent a winter in Paris, the paradise of fools. She had brought with her a powerful reinforcement of new manners, fashions and tastes; a French cook, two ignorant nurses to teach the young ladies the true French pronunciation, a poodle, and a whiskered composite, whether an admirer of herself or her daughters no one could tell. He bore the title of count, was devoted to music and waltzing, and his moustaches were inimitable. The fashionable world began to waver in its allegiance, and the count and the poodle seemed on the point of carrying the day, especially when it was whispered abroad that the latter was of royal lineage, being descended in a direct line from the favorite poodle of the late Duchess of Angouleme, which is said to have been choked by a diamond necklace. A severe contest ensued in which the tin boxes of the millionaire suffered considerably. Julia sought victory by the splendor of her entertainments, and tried to allure the knights of the moustache by the profusion of wines and delicacies, and the number of *pates*, concocted of a stuffed goose's liver, she offered for their discussion. Her rival, not being able to dispute this pre-eminence with her, entrenched herself in another stronghold, from which she annoyed the enemy exceedingly. She appealed to the intellectual instead of the corporal appetite, and to the ears instead of the eyes and palate. She affected a marked simplicity in her establishment and entertainments; she invited a host of famous musicians, all of whom had presided over orchestras, and played before kings; she exhibited the count and the poodle to the greatest advantage; and in short, various ominous appearances indicated that the count, the poodle, and the fiddlers would carry the day against the millionaire and his tin boxes. A revolution was at hand, and a change of dynasty appeared inevitable. What rendered this state of things still more mortifying and deplorable, Julia, during the most critical period of the contest, was in "the state that ladies wish to be who love their lords," according to Shakespeare, who, however, is not the best authority in the fashionable world of the present day. This untoward accident greatly embarrassed her exertions and impeded her activity, so that toward the end of the campaign, when she gave birth to a daughter, her rival, or rather the count, the poodle, and the fiddlers, might be said to have almost secured the victory.

Poor Mrs Hyacinth Plantville suffered dreadfully during the period of her abstraction from the world, to which, however, she hurried back with such imprudent precipitation that she caught a severe cold, of which, like a prudent woman, she availed herself in the most dexterous manner. She saw that for the present her fashionable retainers were irreclaimable, and as the next thing to a victory is a masterly retreat, at once decided that the state of her health required a sea voyage, and a residence in a milder climate. She assured the Honorable Hyacinth that such was the case, and the doctor strenuously advised that no time should be lost, as the spring air was particularly dangerous to the lungs. Hyacinth swore he would not stir a peg; strutted, fretted, scolded and fumed; abused his wife, insulted the doctor, and consigned all Europe, particularly Paris, to eternal perdition. After which, having spoken his mind, and paid Julia off beforehand, as he said, he submitted without further demur, and consented in silence to his approaching martyrdom. No time was to be lost, the spring climate being so dangerous; and things were hurried on at such a rate that Hyacinth had scarcely time to metamorphose some of the contents of his tin boxes into bills of exchange. The truth is, that even millionaires may sometimes want money; and what with the extravagance of Julia, the demands of his long-headed, calculating agent, who always assured him his city was growing so fast that it would soon make a great figure, together with the consequences of that great revolution which was then fast approaching, and from whose gripe neither rich nor poor have since escaped—however surprising it may seem, our millionaire was often pushed for ready money. One of his tin boxes, or at least the contents, had departed from his custody, and the others were in a fair way of speedily following. Had Hyacinth not relied on his great city in the west to make up his leeway, he would before this time have died of a broken heart.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Julia, who had been very much puzzled to keep ill enough to require a sea voyage, and a residence in the milder climate of Europe; "Good Lord!" cried she, suddenly recollecting herself and mustering up a violent cough, "what shall we do with the children? I had quite forgot the poor little creatures."

"Do with them!" quoth Hyacinth—"Why take them with us to be sure."

"But, my dear, they are so young, and I am so poorly, that I should never be able to take care of them on board the ship, I'm sure."

"You can take as much care of them on board ship as you do at home for that matter, and not kill yourself either," replied Hyacinth bluntly.

This was a home thrust. It was too true to be spoken, and above all to be heard by the mother who felt she had merited the reproach. The first shock brought tears to her eyes, but the fountain was scorched dry in an instant by the first sparks of anger that her husband had ever seen flash from her eyes. She was actually on the very point of pouring vials of wrath on his head, when suddenly recollecting she had a point to carry, she replied with her usual derisive composure.

"Well, suppose you stay and take care of them, while I am seeking that health I fear I shall never more enjoy. It will be an amusement to you, and console you in my absence, my dear."

"Hum," quoth the millionaire to the great consternation of Julia, who was never so much afraid of his opposition as when he said nothing, for it was the only sign he ever gave of a determination to do a great deal. The consultation ended in deciding to leave the children at home, with four nurses to take care of them, and two governesses, under the eye of their grandmother, to superintend their morals and education. The arrangement was made in such haste, that there was no time for the necessary inquiries into the morals, habits and qualifications of the two governesses, and the millionaire together with Julia and her suite departed on their tour, leaving, as the latter said, "all their cares behind them."

We shall not dwell at length on the incidents and adventures, the inconveniences and enjoyments, the anticipations and disappointments which befell the millionaire and his wife, who, if the truth were fairly told, often felt by mortifying experience that they had not left quite all their cares behind them. It is sufficient to the moral of our story, that according to the custom in all similar cases, the wife cut the figure while the husband represented the cipher. Julia's health mended surprisingly, and had it been the fashion in the old world, where maturity, not to say decay, is preferred to the charm of youthful bloom and freshness, she might have passed for the daughter of the millionaire. She visited Italy, where Hyacinth became something of a connoisseur in painting, by purchasing several original copies, and Julia almost ran mad after music. They visited Switzerland, where our hero mounted a glacier, and was very near being precipitated into an icy chasm so deep that it is doubtless whether he would ever have found the bottom; and Julia became smitten with a violent fit of the picturesque. They visited honest, old-fashioned Germany, the modern court of the muses as well as the temple of philosophy; sailed down the Rhine in a steamboat, in the midst of a cloud of tobacco smoke; saw everywhere so much that they could remember nothing; and finally came back to Paris to spend the winter preparatory to their return home. During all this time they received no letters, for Julia had desired her mother and the governesses not to write, since if there was any bad news it would make her miserable; and if good, before it could be received something ill might have happened.

At Paris Julia laid herself, and especially her husband's money, out to make a figure in that huge vortex of discontented, aspiring spirits, who, finding no happiness at home, seek for the jewel in other caskets where it is never found. Young, handsome, graceful, accomplished, and with the reputation as well as outward exhibition of great wealth, her vanity might have perhaps been gratified, had she been content to be sought instead of seeking. But the quick-sighted pupils of that great school of life soon discovered her feverish anxiety to excite notice, and be admitted into the circles of the would be great, and consequently set her down as one of the vulgar herd of Americans, who, while pretending to despise titles, are more abject in their devotion to them than the lowest slave of an eastern despot. Julia courted, and fidgetted, and floundered about in her splendid equipage; gave grand entertainments at the hotel which our millionaire, or rather his better half, had hired for the winter; and, in order to allure the birds of fashion, induced an old dowager of the *ancien regime*, who had survived all the possessions of the family but their title and their pedigree, to condescend, for an adequate consideration, to receive her guests and do the honors.

But it would not do. All that her own spasmodic exertions, aided by Hyacinth's money, could accomplish, was to attract a few struggling outcasts of the magic circle, who had preserved the ragged remnant of a title, and were permitted to claim kindred with their illustrious houses, provided they claimed nothing else. Before the winter was fairly over, Julia suddenly discovered the air of Paris did not agree with her; and Hyacinth who had begun to relish the society of Messieurs the Restaurateurs, was forthwith put under sailing orders for England. In London they were lost in a fog, both literally and metaphorically. They had letters, but not being lions, nobody thought they could derive any eclat or consequence from entertaining them. The American minister was civil, but not being a worshipper of the golden calf, he was nothing more. The banker gave them a dinner to quiet his conscience, and then cut them adrift. Julia found the air of London even worse than that of Paris; and, having accomplished an introduction to the royal levee, turned away from "merry England," with a solemn declaration that it was the dullest place she ever saw in her life.

On her arrival in the great city, her first inquiries were about the rival queen, who, she found, still possessed the throne, but had many competitors, among which the most formidable was the wife of a man who possessed more property belonging to other people, than any one of his cotemporaries. He had founded several cities; was sole proprietor of a bank without capital; and if wealth, as many people believe, consists in the amount of a man's debts, he certainly was one of the richest men of his day. Julia then called for her children, and attempted to kiss them, telling them that she was their mother. But the little girl slapped her in the face, crying out, "You aint my mother—nurse Jenny is my mother;" and the boy, turning up his nose, skipped away to tell his nurse there was was a strange woman in the parlor who wanted to make him believe she was his mamma. "What unnatural little monsters!" exclaimed Julia, and she almost hated them.

Her first step was renewing the war against her ancient rival, who, she rejoiced to find, had lost two of her most powerful auxiliaries. The poodle had died under strong suspicions of being poisoned—that being the appropriate fate of all dogs of distinction—and the count had disappeared in a mysterious manner, leaving none behind to lament his fate but his landlord, his tailor, and his shoemaker. Nobody knew what became of him, though there was a vague report that he had begun the world anew, in one of the remote towns of the west, under the auspices of a barber's pole. The war was commenced with desperate vigor, money on one side and music on the other. Julia renewed and outdid former extravagancies, and talked incessantly of the condescending affability of Queen Victoria, while the tin boxes of the millionaire grew lighter and lighter. But experience soon brought home the mortifying conviction that, however it may be in political revolutions, those who have once abdicated, or been driven from the throne of fashion, can never be restored.

While this fierce contest was going on, the millionaire, finding his resources daily diminishing, and his tin boxes at the point of exhaustion, determined to replenish them by resorting to some of the means by which he had acquired his riches. He plunged by degrees into the vortex of speculation; purchased vast amounts of fancy stocks; became a dealer in city lots, lithographic cities, and broken bank charters. But Fortune, though she may sometimes carry a man up the top of her wheel for a long time, is pretty certain to throw him off in the end, especially if he does not dismount and retire in time. Though she may yield to early youthful addresses, she revolts at the gray-beard and his wrinkled brow, and seldom twice takes the same man for her paramour. Accordingly, she turned her back on the millionaire, and amused herself with enriching a more youthful suitor, with the spoils of her ancient beau. Hyacinth, in short, had commenced at the wrong end, and just at the time the balloon had begun to collapse. Everything was falling, and as our hero, in pursuance of his old system of doing business, always purchased on the presumption of a rise, he never failed to go in at the big, and come out at the little end of the horn. It is amazing how soon the candle will burn out when you light it at both ends. Julia burnt one end at home, and Hyacinth the other abroad; no wonder it began to flicker in the socket. Julia, for the first time, made a draft on the pocket of the millionaire, which was returned protested.

"I have no money," said he, with all the coolness of desperation.

"No money! impossible!"

"Such a thing is possible, my dear."

"But how is it possible to spend a million of money?"

"Much easier than to get it, my dear."

"I don't believe a word of it. It's only one of your stingy fits come over you."

"The fit will last a long time, I fear."

"Well, I *must* have the money, and there's no use in talking."

"None in the world, my dear. It's all talk and no cider."

"Out upon your filthy, musty old saws. I wish you would say something to the purpose, Mr. Plantville."

"Well, Mrs. Plantville," replied the millionaire, drawing himself up with an air almost of sublimity, "for once I will speak to the purpose, and you must hear to the purpose, too. Your extravagance, and my folly have reduced both of us to beggary. The wealth accumulated by years of honest, persevering industry and economy, has been wasted in almost as few months, in the vain pursuit of what we never could attain. In striving to make up for what was thus wasted in folly and extravagance, I have only plunged into more irretrievable difficulty, and I now tell you, madam, that the utmost I can save from the wreck of my fortune will not exceed twenty thousand dollars." Hyacinth spoke this with a calm, yet somewhat severe moderation, far different from the peevish irritability with which he was wont to meet the little rubs his wife often threw in his way; so true it is that those whom trifles discompose, often encounter the most severe calamities with unflinching fortitude. The weight of the blow crushed the little thorns and briers, but left the stem of the plant not only unhurt, but reinvigorated, by the absence of these excrescences.

It is needless to dwell on the catastrophe of the millionaire. Hyacinth was a man of at least conventional honesty. In the long course of business, it had been his interest, if not his principle, to pay his debts punctually, and on this occasion he behaved with the most scrupulous integrity. This being perceived by his creditors, they unanimously agreed to commit to his own hands the settlement of his own affairs; and we will do him the justice to say that he fully justified their confidence. He labored with assiduity, not only from gratitude to his creditors, but because he was striving at the same time for himself, since all he could save from the wreck would be justly his own. In short, he paid all he owed, and saved some twenty thousand dollars, preserving, at the same time, what was of far more worth than the million he had lost, a quiet conscience, and an unsullied name.

It was now, too, that Julia emerged from the total eclipse which bad example and worse precepts had cast over the lustre of her virtues. She was a sensible, clever woman, and of such we need never despair. Nature once more awakened and exerted her prerogative; and, though it may seem strange, it is not in reality so, she began to respect and love her husband. When she saw him laboring incessantly to preserve the remnant of his fortune; how careful he was of the interests of others; with what a decent, manly resignation he, one by one, sacrificed all those splendors which he had devoted his youth and manhood to obtain; and with what delicacy he ever afterward abstained from all allusion to her agency in dissipating his fortune, she could not but acknowledge there was that within him which fully merited a better wife than she had been. She fell much brighter than she rose; and when they retired from their fine establishment to occupy a small house in the outskirts of the city, it was with a fixed determination to make up, as far as it was possible, for the errors of the past, by the exertions of the future.

But she had much to learn, and what is not gained in youth is ever afterward difficult to acquire. The mind, like the muscles, becomes rigid with age, and, as in dancing, the steps we can accomplish without effort in youth, become unattainable in latter years. Julia, however, persevered, and achieved all that could reasonably be expected from one who had passed through such an ordeal. She adapted herself to her new situation; economised as well as she knew how; superintended the operations of the lower region, which we will not outrage the feelings of our fashionable readers by naming; eschewed fancy stores and milliners' shops, and never afterward talked of the condescending affability of Queen Victoria. Happiness once more began to dawn on her, and might, perhaps, have shone betimes in its meridian splendor, had it not been for one single crime, for which, as she never could atone, she was destined perpetually to suffer.

She had neglected her children; she had committed them to hirelings, to derive their nourishment and imbibe their first impressions. The earliest dawnings of their affections were given to others; the earliest recollections of kindness and care never came home to the bosom of their mother, whose first remembered appearance was that of a stranger; whose first offered kiss was rejected with dislike, and who never could gather, in after times, those fruits, the seeds of which she had not planted in the proper season. The name of mother carries little magic with it, unless connected with the recollection of a mother's cares, anxieties, sacrifices, and ever watchful tenderness; and she who does not nurse her offspring in their infancy, has no right to expect to be nursed by them in her old age. Julia spoiled them to make them love her, but that only made matters worse, by rendering them more selfish and exacting; and she now every day learned, by painful experience, that the early neglect of our offspring can seldom, if ever, be remedied by after exertions. Whether, when time and reason exert their influence, these unfortunate children may be enabled to correct their errors and reform their conduct, remains to be seen.

They are all still living; and our hero has long since learned, with equal surprise and gratification, that enough is as good as a feast, and the reputation of having once been a millionaire almost equal to being one in reality.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE PATRIARCH AT HARAN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"And Jacob said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

The wandering patriarch like a pilgrim trod
The wilds of Haran. As the sun went down,
And pensive twilight dimmed that lonely waste,
Upon his staff he halted wearily.
Nought moved around, except a slender rill
That toward the far-off Chebar wrought its way,
And now and then, some broad-winged bird that made
Its nest in the cleft rock.
Curtained with mist,
And near his footsteps, though he knew it not,
Luz through its groves of almonds richly gleamed,
Half surfeit with their fragrance, while young Spring
Shook at the will of every frolic gale
Their snowy blossoms down. Way-worn and sad
The traveller rested mid that dreary heath,
And on a stony pillow laid his head.
Back to his swimming sight Beersheba's trees
Came, waving in the night wind, and anon,
His father's blessing, and Rebecca's voice
Murmuring, and tender as a turtle-dove,
Cheated his ear awhile.
But then, he slept.
And lo! a host of angels, and a path
From heaven to earth, and the Eternal's voice
Filling his soul with ecstacy and awe.
Yea! God was near him, and he knew it not!
His thoughts, perchance, were of the savage beast
That haunt the wilderness—for he believed
The roaming lion, or the ravening bear
Nearer his bed, than he who rules their rage.

When the young morn came blushing from her cell
He rose, rejoicing, and pursued his way;
Serene yet serious, and upheld by Him
Who watched beside him, in that desert dream.

Sleeper! beneath a canopy of gold—
Whom the world calleth king—rememberest thou,
Amid thy palace pride, the King of kings,
Who through thy folded curtains bend his glance,
Reading the heart?
Mourner! whose anguished sob,
Grief's bitter lullaby, did slowly yield
To slumber, brief and broken as thy joys,
Forget not in thy trance that He is near
Who heareth prayer; and when earth's helpers fail,
Implore that sympathy which ne'er forsakes
The wounded spirit in its hour of wo.

Fair, cradled creature, whom the angels tend,
He is beside thee, from whose forming hand
So late thou cam'st, our pensioner of love,
A thing of beauty and of mystery.
Commune thy first unfolding thoughts with Him
In secrecy of innocence, which ne'er
Have taken the many colored form of words
To mock the hue of truth, or wake the sigh
Of the recording seraph! Sleep, young babe!
He is beside thee, though thou know'st it not.
He watcheth o'er thee, and the smile that tints
Thy lip in visions, is His whispered love.

Violet! that slumberest on the mossy bank
Till morn, magician sweet, with purple wand
Transmutes the pendent dew drops on thy spray
To sparkling diamonds. Lily of the vale!
That duly, as the spent sun nears the west,
Like a spent child, doth fold thy bells in sleep,
Reclining lightly, on a graceful stem,
Ye know that God is near, and void of care
Wait with sweet faith for his appointed time
To flourish, or to fade.
Teach our dull hearts
Your perfect worship, and ere that dread day
When, waking from the dust, we meet our Judge
Instruct us here, by sunshine and by shower,
Like the lone patriarch on his couch of stone,
To see Him and adore.

DIONYSIUS having not very well used Plato at the court, when he was gone, fearing lest he should write against him, sent after him, forbidding him to do it. Says Plato, "Tell Dionysius that I have not so much leisure time as to think of him."

IT WILL afford sweeter happiness, in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or enslaved the world.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE WEDDING RING.

A Sequel to the Mourning Ring.

Published in paper of June 3, 1843.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

TIMES CHANGE—AND WE CHANGE WITH THEM.

Two young ladies sat together, in pretty earnest discussion—into which we shall take the liberty to drop, just at its close. One had been earnestly defending an absent young man—whether in sincerity, or merely to draw her companion out, it is not possible to say. Perhaps a very little malicious impertinence was among the motives prompted her advocacy. When she had done, the other said:

"I am sure that I have as high an opinion of Mr. Francis Meredith, as—as—as—" [The listener laughed outright, and most provokingly. The speaker blushed downright, and most brilliantly.] "Now what a tease you are! We are both past our boarding-school days, and it were folly in me to dissemble my knowledge of the drift of his intentions."

"Or your consciousness that they are not disagreeable."

"I can receive any gentleman as an acquaintance, who, is as you say, not disagreeable."

"I said his *attentions* were not disagreeable."

"Will you be quiet, Julia, or not? I say that I can recognise any man as a gentleman, who has the entree of good society; I can even flirt a little in moderation, with him, if he is accomplished and good humored. But when he grows too marked and particular in his devotedness, it is time, as the politicians say, to ask for his credentials, or, as the merchants have it, for his references. When an alliance for life is talked of, we must drop our abstract notions of equality and all that, and sacrifice something of our republicanism to our standing in society."

"Hear! hear!" cried the other laughing. "Well really, Mary, I have betrayed you into quite a dissertation. You talk more like one's mother's maiden sister, than like a young woman out of her teens. I cannot think of destroying the impression that your remarks have made on an unanimous auditory of one, by broaching any new topic—so good morning."

And Mary was left alone. Who, think you, was she? None other than our old friend, Mary Richardson. She forgot that those delicate hands had ever been worked to the bone, as her eye rested with complacency upon her taper fingers, hooped with gold, and sparkling with gems. She forgot, as she trifled with an ingenious device in lace, that she had once labored with might and main upon coarse and stubborn materials to earn a livelihood. In her elegant and tasteful apparel, and in the neatness and luxurious comfort of all about her, she forgot that she had once been compelled to pledge almost her entire wardrobe, to escape starvation. The reader, we trust, has learned to love Mary for her filial piety—for that fortitude and perseverance in exertion, under misfortune, of which woman only is capable—for that patient industry which never ceased, though ill and tardily requited—for that kind attention and devotion to an impatient invalid, which found its reward only in innate self-approval; the object of her kindness being too childish for gratitude—too peevish to reward her assiduity even with a smile. The reader has admired, too, that practical piety, which forbade Mary to repine while passing through all this suffering, and which, under Heaven, brought her through her trials and temptations not only uncontaminated, but improved in mind and in spirit. Alas, that prosperity should be more dangerous than adversity! But so it is.

If pride were tolerated in any case, one might excuse Mary if, not only in her thought, but in her words, she claimed honor for the real merit which she had possessed—the worthy and dignified manner in which she had endured adversity—the self denying industry with which she had labored to support in honor, herself and an indigent relative. But we have no need to apologise for her pride for such a cause—she was *ashamed of that passage* in her life, of all others—proud of her present wealth, which conferred no merit upon her—proud of the personal beauty which bade fair to ruin the hopes of her father, by making her a coquette!

And that father—shall we own it of our heroine? She could not bear to sit with him in the twilight alone, because that it recalled the hour, when she first looked through her tears upon a father's face. She started at the tone, when he spoke to her in kindness, because it brought vividly to her mind the hour when, with the chill of death upon her hopes, she was summoned back to life and happiness by his voice. She disliked to enter his room, because a portrait of his mother hung upon the wall; and she feared, above all, to be alone with him an instant, lest in his fondness, he should beg her to speak of those days of trial, that he might commend her for her filial virtue. As we before said, Mary was *ashamed* of all this! She dreaded lest the fashionable world might know that she had been proved and found worthy among women—a kind daughter—a heroine in humble life—*humble life!* There was the stumbling block. To receive her due, to be known in her true excellence, she must acknowledge former poverty—own that she had actually toiled for a maintenance! With what jealousy did she guard *that* secret—from what a motive did she take care that her good was not known—with what almost undutiful abruptness did she change the theme when her father, by the slightest allusion, indicated that the conduct for which he felt most proud of her, was in his thoughts.

Silly, silly pride! It would seem that Heaven, to show how unfit is the sentiment for human hearts, caused its manifestations to be upon such very trifles—its wounds to come from such pitiful absurdities—and its ranklings to create such extreme discomfort—only that reflection should make us the more ashamed of ourselves. A sewing girl disturbed Mary's cogitations upon her friend's plea in the court of Cupid, in the matter of Frank Meredith's attachment. She had brought home a new frock.

Silly, silly pride! Dressmakers and dressmakers' apprentices are necessary evils, as husbands and fathers know, and as their pockets feel; but women, and young women particularly, do not usually regard them with extreme aversion. Mary Richardson did. She could not see a band-box, that it did not send a foolish shudder through her frame—she could hardly endure to speak to a sewing-girl, because she had once earned an honest living with her needle. And in this particular case there certainly was nothing in the crafty and envious look of malice with which the girl accompanied her glances, which could remove or diminish Mary Richardson's dislike.

"Don't you think, ma'am, that these plaids are more apt to ravel, when they're sewed bias?"

Mary blushed, (what a fool,) stammered, (how very silly,) and said—"Well—really, how should I know?"

The other bit her lip, and laughed maliciously with her eyes. "Why—no offence, I hope, ma'am! Ladies do sometimes know too much for us—should you like me to try the the frock on, ma'am?"

"No!"

"Oh, well," said the girl—"I dare say you can tell just what it needs, if it wants any alteration." As she closed the door, poor weak Mary Richardson stamped with vexation, and then found relief from her passion of rage in a passion of tears.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

If Mary Richardson's fortune had changed since we first met her in the omnibus, chance had not stood still with the other female passenger in that vehicle. While the sun had been shining upon Mary, it had become clouded for the other—and the wealthy Mrs. Meredith, was now one of those who are "well enough, but with little feeling, styled "the have beens." Reverse had overtaken her; and she, who at the close of the story, to which this is a sequel, had the means of gratifying every reasonable wish, and many of her unreasonable whims, now lived in confined and unfashionable apartments. Her daughters had been taken from her, and she received a plain and respectable, but straitened support, from an only son, whose early professional struggles scarce sufficed to provide himself and his parent with necessaries; and to enable him to maintain appearances, and enter that society, to which young bachelors are admitted, at the cost of defrauding comfort to keep up show. Frank Meredith—of whom the reader has already had a glimpse in the first chapter, always wore faultless boots—but blacked them himself. His shirt frills were unexceptionable—for his mother was his laundress. His garments were always in good order, for no valet can take that care of a wardrobe that a poor and proud man will himself. He was never in debt and seldom in difficulty, for he had too much pride (and here pride was useful) to expose himself to the danger of either.

It is of no use to quarrel with, or to rail against the conventional forms which have established themselves in this republican country. It answers no earthly purpose to complain that the wealthy mix with the wealthy, and that to a certain extent the purse does fix certain divisions of classes. She who can purchase bills of five hundred or a thousand dollars, in a morning's round, will very naturally seek a shopping companion, whose purse will travel the same length as hers. No other could be really a fit companion. And as all comforts and luxuries find their way into

our habitations only over a silver railroad—and as the size of the house—its furniture and adornment—its larder, kitchen, parlors and chambers—its library and its music portfolio, all depend upon the purse, it is not surprising that, to return to our simile, families of the same means travel in the same cars. So it is—and so it must be—not only here, but everywhere. Where other distinctions of social rank are recognized, poor nobility is very glad to share coronets with crowns—and to sacrifice noble blood, for pounds, shillings and pence.

We are writing for sensible people, and while we describe things as they are, shall not be understood to say, that wealth confers superiority, or that poverty implies its opposite. Nor, on the other hand, do we impute the possession of riches as a crime, and laud indigence, of necessity, as virtue. These matters are but accidents—the true man is independent of them; and that country is the happiest, and that system of society the nearest equality, where the best opportunity is given to merit and worth to set aside these artificial barriers. That country we believe is ours. At any rate, if wealth be nobility, the "rotation in office" principle is carried into the social classification—for the family rich in one generation is almost sure to be poor in the next, and vice versa. Often, too, in one life time extremes are experienced, and if our story have any moral, it is to exhibit the folly of pride or of shame founded upon mere accidental circumstances. Let us return to Frank Meredith.

After what we have written, Mr. Frank Meredith's exact position will be easily understood—for probably you, reader, have his like in your eye, at this moment. A young bachelor, he can safely accept all civilities tendered to him in the houses of the rich—honor all invitations, and be ever at hand to offer his services and assistance in cases where young ladies find young men absolutely necessary. As most young women are apt, in this sordid day and generation, to reason precisely as did Mary in the first chapter, mothers and aunts find comparatively little danger in his presence. They know, and the daughters know, that she who marries him must either look to love in a cottage, or bring the means to furnish her own palace. Marriage with the Frank Merediths of society, is to fashionable young women, equivalent to going from fashionable life to a nunnery. The poor bachelor can mix in fashionable life, because, he is not expected to reciprocate costly attentions. If his mother could she would—but when a man no more mentions mother or home than if he had neither, no lady is uncivil enough to ask him about them. They do, however, canvass the matter when he is not present—don't you, ladies!

But there goes our malicious sewing-girl, who so sadly disturbed Mary's philosophy. What—on a visit to Mrs. Meredith! What can she want of fashionable artistes now? We will follow the girl and see.

"I tried her, ma'am," said the girl, before she took the seat to which Mrs. M. beckoned her, with the distant dignity of other days. "I tried her, and she blushed like scarlet silk. I know 'tis the same one, now, and more than that, Miss Green told me that just as her time was up with Mrs. Modiste, there used to come a sewing girl there with just such eyes, and just such a figure as this Miss Richardson has got, and that she was dreadful poor, and used to dun Mrs. Modiste terribly, and that her name was Mary, and that Miss Green herself used to help and show her, and that all at once she disappeared, and that her mother died. Miss Green says she should know her in a minute, and she's going to take home her new white satin to-morrow herself, to see. Such a quantity of new things as she does get made up!"

"Oh, I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Meredith. "When I lived in Waverley Place, her father gave a party to bring her out, and I thought then that I *must* have seen her somewhere. It's very likely that I might have seen her at Mrs. Modiste's, for I was very often there," she added with a half suppressed sigh, as if she felt that she would never tyrannize over milliners again. In the same breath she remembered that Miss Richardson had now the privilege she had lost, and she could not help saying, "and I do think there was something evil in the child's looks when I met her at her father's; and when she called on me one day, she *did* say something about my dress, like a milliner, or some other low-bred person."

The visitor's eyes flashed as she answered, "If she did earn her living, ma'am, that does not signify that she was low bred."

Mrs. Meredith had made a mistake. All her rhetoric could not explain it away—for the shrewd girl knew that what had escaped in the carelessness of conversation was a natural exhibit of the speaker's true thoughts and actual prejudices. The consequence was, that the sewing girl carried back to Miss Green, at the shop, a much better report of Mary Richardson than she left Mary prepared to make.

Here comes home our friend Frank. He is thoughtful and sad, but dare not tell his mother what annoys him. Some young fashionable friends of his have arranged an equestrian jaunt for the morrow—he has been voted cavalier for a passé belle, whom somebody must bear, on account of her younger sister. Any other man could plead business—Frank dare not! They well know—so he reasons—that it is his poverty and not his business that keeps him away—and pride must pay its penalty. But what is to make up the deficit that this ride will create in his purse? How is the tailor who deals for cash on delivery to be persuaded out of that coat, which he was charged to complete on a certain day, and how are the house-holding bills, small but urgent, to be satisfied after this unexpected drain? Young bachelors who mix in fashionable life, with slender purses, do not always escape scot-free by having "no home."

CHAPTER III.
DENOUEMENT.

Frank Meredith was no horseman. How should he be? In the country boys learn to ride without cost; in the city no boys except the sons of the wealthy, and the omnibus cads ride for nothing. Frank was carried home with a broken leg, but his limb pained him less than his pride. They thought he was in too much agony to hear when one of his companions said, "What a nasty court!" and another asked, "Which of the twenty five families in this house does Frank belong to?"

"Is it a dangerous fracture?" asked Mary Richardson of the young lady who told her the sudden news—and, to do Mary justice, she did look pale, and did exhibit real interest—while she felt more than she acknowledged to herself.

"Yes, and I believe you was right the other day," said her friend, "when you doubted his standing. His mother lives up such a horrid alley, Mr. Smith says."

Mary made no answer. If she *could* but follow her first best impulse! But no. Not only was her own selfish pride in the way, but she justly reasoned, Frank's vanity would be. He could not desire to see his fashionable acquaintances in such a place. Had he so neglected those nearer him in actual pecuniary condition, as to be shut out from all sympathy? Could he summon competent advice? Was he indeed so wretchedly poor? Was he an *impostor*?

Mary thought. Her father, who had heard the conversation, inquired the name of the court, and *acted*. In a short time he was ascending the same dark staircase over which he had gone a few years before to find a daughter. He stood a moment in the very room! The son lay upon the bed, delirious—the mother wrung her hands over him, little better. Frank's companions had left him, having fulfilled their whole duty, as they thought, in directing a surgeon to go to his assistance, which surgeon, gathering from their manner, that he was some indigent sufferer, only wondered that they had not taken him to the hospital. They were careful not to say that one who lived in such lodgings had met the accident while accompanying them in a ride.

Richardson stood over his bedside. In the ravings of the wounded man, he started to hear his daughter's name frequently mentioned. He recognized the mother, and she, in that hour of trial, while she remembered him, affected no foolish pride or distance—what mother could? She made no objection, while he proceeded, in his own straightforward way to summon such assistance as the case required, and to make such arrangements as were essential to the patient's recovery and comfort. In a short time, all that skilful attendance could do was accomplished, and a competent nurse was installed at his bedside.

Richardson, upon his return, found Mary assuming gaiety with a heartless caller. The sufferer was spoken of by the latter as a pretender, whom accident had exposed, and she did not hesitate even to congratulate Mary on the escape which this accident had brought about—though, she added, as Richardson's stern eye met her's—"it was rather a misfortune that the man had broken his arm—particularly," she added, "in his very destitute situation."

"Not destitute, Miss," interrupted Richardson. "He has a mother, who loves him, and he could not be destitute in such a case—and he loves his mother, and has supported her in her old age, and such conduct is better than money at interest. Isn't it Mary?"

Glad of an advocate for him she had longed to defend, but dared not, Mary bowed assent; and she felt that she did not care now if all her feverishly guarded secret did come out. The visitor soon took her leave. Richardson placed his chair beside his child, and, as he proceeded to tell her where he found Meredith, and what he had done for him, and to describe with feeling minuteness the present appearance of the apartment which they both so well remembered, her head sunk upon his shoulder, and her tears fell fast. He told her of the name upon which Frank called in his wanderings, and Mary wished in her heart that tyrant form would permit her to answer the summons.

"You love him?"

Mary made no answer but to press her father's hand. The old gentleman's mind was made up from that moment.

Neither was sorry that this interview was interrupted by a call for Miss Richardson. It was our young sewing girl's friend, the Miss Green, spinster by fate's decree and not her own good will, who had come up according to her threat, with *that* satin. Mary looked so earnestly at the girl, that she was out-generaled with her own weapon—in plain English, Mary certainly stared the other out of countenance. At last she said,

"If I am not very much mistaken, you are an old friend. Your name is ——"

"Green, ma'am," said the other, dropping a ridiculously quick and low "courtesy," delighted at the recognition.

"And you formerly worked for Mrs. Modiste."

"Yes, ma'am; you were a customer, I presume, ma'am," said Miss Green, willing in her gratitude at the attention she had received to help Mary to a falsehood, if she wished.

"No, I was once *employed by her*, and you, I recollect, showed me many little kindnesses, which were to me at that time great benefits. You may always depend upon me as a friend as long as either of us lives."

Old Richardson had a thousand minds in a minute. He knew that Mary would not have behaved thus the day before, nay, not that morning. His first thought was to throw Miss Green out of the window, and press his daughter to his heart, his second to kiss her before the milliner—his third, to kiss them both. But he deferred all these impulses, paced hastily from the room to his own, closed and fastened the door, and in the next moment was pouring out his soul in gratitude to that Providence who had softened the heart and removed its pride, whilst he had feared that the one was seared and the other incurable. But would not Mary return to her foolish vanity? Would she not count herself the benefactor and superior of him whom she was now willing to promise to love, honor, and obey? The father devised a remedy.

When Frank had become so far convalescent that he could endure good news, Richardson took care to introduce the subject nearest his own heart, as well as that of the invalid. He proved a better than any other physician, and soon adventured upon his secret plan, determined to manage the matter in his own way. He took his daughter on his arm to the lodgings of the Merediths, and, after her natural emotion had become sufficiently quieted, he proceeded to relate some of the events of his own life, and long fruitless search for his kindred. He then drew from his pocket the mourning ring, and stated where he had first met it, in the Intelligence Office. Mrs. Meredith took it from his hand——

"Well, I declare," she said, "I know that I have seen this before—"

"I lost it—in an omnibus, I belive"—said Mary.

"Yes—yes—it was found in an omnibus, and brought to my house. I gave it to a servant—"

"And that gift of yours led to my finding my daughter," said Richardson, resuming his narrative. "In this room, through her advertisement of the loss of that ring, I found her attending upon my dying mother, whose bedside I reached barely in time to close her eyes. The rest you know."

The old gentleman paused, and all sat many moments in silence, Meredith and his mother revolving in their minds the circumstances of this strange narrative, the mother connecting her former surmises into a now perfect whole. Then she thought of the contrast between her present situation and her condition when these events took place, and sobbed aloud.

"Come, Mrs. Meredith," said Richardson, rising, "we will take leave of these apartments, and of further grief for the past, together. I do hope, however, that none of us will lose the memory of our salutary experience; and to the end that an approaching solemnization may carry a monition against foolish pride with it, I shall insist myself upon furnishing the Wedding Ring. Inappropriate though it seem for such an occasion, you must begin at the beginning of your wedded life, while you pay all proper respect to custom, to slight all mere fashion, which would make you ashamed of what is not disreputable, or proud of that which implies no merit on your own part." And he placed in the hand of the future bridegroom the bauble which we hope has kept the reader's attention through these two sketches.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, Aug't 26, 1843.

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The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

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To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, *gratis.*

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For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

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Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $3 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Foreign News will, this week, be found unusually interesting. The cause of Irish Repeal, in particular, never stood fairer for the friends of the measure than it now does. The British Government would appear to be completely at fault and unable to take any measures in the premises, for the simple reason that the quiet demeanor of the Repealers leaves the government nothing to do. While matters stand as they now are, the immense number of soldiers in Ireland is a positive benefit to that country, as their support cannot but be of advantage to the island in a pecuniary point of view; and they appear to be on the very best of terms with the people. The title of the Association "The Loyal"—the investment of the "Rent" in Government funds—the recent declaration of O'Connell that all the repealers desire by repeal of the Legislative Union, is to put the connection with England on a popular basis;—all these things go to puzzle the British Ministry. As much, however, is due from Irishmen to Father Mathew, as to Mr. O'Connell, for without the temperance apostle as a pioneer, the Agitator might as well have talked to the Ocean, as to the people, in discouragement of violence.

In Spain, all would seem to be unsettled again. Whatever may be Espartero's faults, and whatever his lack of policy and prudence, it is certain, that if he cannot keep his post as Regent, it will be impossible to find any man in Spain who can. By marrying the Queen, and placing the throne thus under foreign protection, something may be done for the throne, but, we fear, little for the people. The whole of the present active generation of Spain must die off before any thing like order can be restored permanently. Men whose habits have been ruined by participation in civil war, can seldom become good and orderly citizens.

As pertinent to the news from Spain, we give the following extract from a letter of the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer. It is dated July 31st.

"Since the date of the letter in which I mentioned Mr. Irving, the American Minister at Madrid, we have received direct intelligence of him. He had so far recovered from the malady with which he was confined for several weeks, as to be able to pass days abroad on his feet and in his carriage, observing the popular excitement and the preparations for defence. He felt not the least apprehension for himself; indeed, even the British ladies looked to his hotel for refuge in case of an assault from the troops at the gates. The cry without was 'Death to the *English ayacuchos!*' as it had been on the former revolution, 'Death to the *Frenchified*-Spaniards!' The young Queen and her sister would gladly have put themselves under the American Legation, rather than remain exposed in the palace as a prize to the victors in a desperate street affray. My informant mentions that the only American whom he knew to be in Madrid, and often with Mr. Irving, was Mr. Sumner, of Boston, a gentleman distinguished for personal merit and extensive travel. Mr. Hamilton, of the legation, was absent in the Pyrenees. Among the reflecting and best-instructed of the foreigners at Madrid but one opinion prevailed: Espartero was deemed the only leader who could achieve any stability of government and national coherence; his popularity was, however, so far undermined by false charges, adapted to reigning prejudices in the different divisions of the kingdom and the municipalities, and subalterns in the army so subject to corrupt influences, that if he could have triumphed over the insurrection, he would have experienced insuperable difficulty for any regular or tranquil administration of affairs. The struggle was considered the beginning of a new series of conflicts not merely for power in the Royal Government, but for ascendency in the antagonist provinces, cities, and even villages, and among the military forces, split into political and personal parties, and driven in different directions by numberless secret societies."

It is pleasant to be able to state, in relation to home matters, that Philadelphia is enjoying quite a cheerful revival of trade. The country merchants are, many of them, already in town for their Fall purchases, and Market street presents its wonted business aspect. The various departments of mechanical industry appear to partake of something of the renewed activity. The Harrisburg Argus publishes statements by which it appears that the tolls received on the Main Line of the Public works, for the month of July, amount to $98,615—an increase of $33 663 over the same period last year. On the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad the receipts, over expenditures, for the last five months have been $108,041. At such a rate as this the sale of the public works will be found inexpedient; for with economy in management they will work themselves out of debt.

Our paper, this day, presents, from the Magazines and other sources, a very agreeable amount of miscellany. In it will be found articles from the pen of Paulding, Willis, Hawthorne, Sigourney, Conrad and others—selections, mainly from Philadelphia periodicals, and in all cases from American writers who are correspondents of Philadelphia works. Original matter, prepared for this day's paper, has been set aside to give place to these novelties, in their season.

POTTSVILLE ENCAMPMENT.

The gathering of citizen soldiers broke up on Tuesday last, the grand review taking place on the day previous. Pottsville and its surroundings were put in a state of pleasant and most profitable excitement during the days that the military parade lasted; bringing as it did, an immense concourse of strangers. The correspondent of the Ledger gives the following as the result of the target firing which took place on Monday:—

"The target of the cannon firing was placed at the distance of about half a mile, over the entrance of a coal mine, amid the green trees of the 'Sharp' mountain which arises south of Greenwood Hill. A sudden spur of the hill was selected as the location of the cannon, and the multitude who thronged the sides of the hill and adjacent hills was sufficient to blacken the whole face of the soil, and rendered the whole view but one animated mass of human beings.

"The Minersville Artillery and the Hamburg Artillery were the foremost competitors for the medal. The former placed three good shots near the centre of the target, but the latter won the prize, for the single shot, which they placed in the board that was nearest to the centre, and therefore they were awarded the medal. Privates Isaac Chandler, James M. Lewis, Samuel Foust and Zeemen were the artillerymen who worked the guns. I give you a copy of the inscription of the medal, which was of gold, with a painting set in one side representing the artillerists at their cannon. 'Camp De Kalb, Pottsville, August 16, 1843.—Best Shot.'

"The crowning scene of the day was the musket firing, also for a gold medal. Imagine the whole brigade of citizen soldiers assembled in the depths of a ravine running between two sides of opposing hills, the target some hundred yards in the distance, on the ascent of an opposite spur of the Greenwood Hill, while a multitude, greater than any hitherto assembled on the ground, composed of all ages, sexes and sizes, young and old, the beauty and the beau, the trader and the swarthy miner, blackens along the hill-side to the very summit—a vast crowd gathered within the confines of one of nature's amphitheatres, to witness an exhibition of soldiery skill.

"The firing, Infantry, Cavalry and Rifle, occupied near two hours. Francis Witman, of the Reading Grays, won the infantry prize, which bore the same inscription as the artillery medal. The rifle prize was attained by private Saville, of the Washington Yagers, and the cavalry by private Leitsinger, of Capt. Wynkoop's troops.

"The ceremony of presentation took place in front of Gen. Hammond's marquee. Col. Page, of your city, who was received here with all a soldier's welcome, presented the infantry medal with a neat and pertinent address; the artillery medal was presented by Major Campbell, with appropriate remarks; the rifle by Col. Dear."

There has been also, during the week an encampment near Doylestown, at which a very large body of the military were present.

LATE FROM TEXAS.

Advices have been received from Texas twenty-three days later than the previous news—bringing the intelligence from that country down to the 9th instant. The most important intelligence is the cessation of hostilities between Mexico and Texas. An officer had arrived at Washington, the Texan capital who gave official notice, it is stated, of the withdrawal to the west side of the Rio Grande of all the Mexican forces—the Texan line being acknowledged to extend to the east bank of that stream. Capt. G. also had "a proposition from Gen. Woll to President Houston, to appoint Commissioners to meet at Laredo, to arrange some mutual plan of operations against the bands of robbers and murderers known to infest the western borders of Texas, and which, if not suppressed, would prove a great obstacle to any trade that might be opened." This will be bad news to the thieves and robbers who have been doing quite a flourishing business.

In relation to the Texan Navy, we learn from the Houston papers that Com. Moore, and Capt. Lothrop have been dismissed from the service; the former for disobedience of repeated orders, in the cases enumerated in the President's proclamation; and Capt. Lothrop for refusing to take the command when the Commodore was suspended and ordered to report himself, in arrest, to the Department of War and Marine. All the remaining officers, with one or two exceptions, have resigned, and the vessels are now in the hands of the Navy Commissioners. The greater part of the crew of the brig Wharton still remain on board, and about one-third of the ship's crew. Commodore Moore, we learn, will appeal to Congress for an investigation of his conduct.

The disbanding of the Navy, as above stated, produced much excitement in Galveston, and, it is said, that Houston was burnt in effigy. The Civilian states that "moderation and dignity characterized the officers' retiring." The brig Sam Houston, which left Galveston on the 7th instant, for this city, has on board a number of the officers and men late of the Texan Navy. A public dinner was given to Commodore Moore, by citizens of Galveston on the 28th ult., as a mark of approbation of his conduct, and of censure upon the President. We do not understand precisely how Com Moore's proceedings may strike the Texans; but it seems to people in this part of the world, that the Commodore has no right to grumble at his "punishment."

THE SCHOONER GRAMPUS.

We are compelled at last to the reluctant and painful admission that there is no longer any hope for the safety of the United States schooner Grampus; and we copy the list of her officers and crew, with the remark of a contemporary that "while it speaks peace to the aching hearts of many who have *feared* that some near friend or relative was on board, may it not open afresh the wounds of those by whom the *certainty* has already been too painfully realized!"

Lieutenant Commanding—Albert E. Downes.
Lieutenants—George M. McCreery, William S. Swann, Hunn Gansevoort.
Assistant Surgeon—E. H. Conway.
Purser—James S. Thatcher.
Acting Master—I. S. K. You.
Midshipmen—Andrew J. Lewis, Edward N. Beadel, George Minshall.
Captain's Clerk—George L. McKenney.
Ship's Steward—Isaac Stevens.
Boatswain's Mates—Robert Ray, John Cook.
Gunner's Mate—Wm. Gale.
Carpenter's Mate—Theodore Myrick.
Officer's Steward—Joseph R. Serrier.
Officers' Cook—James Hopkins.
Quartermasters—Thomas Piner, George Benson, John Carr.
Captains of Forecastle—John Ryan and James Smith.
Quarter Gunners—Henry Edwards, Jas. Fritz James Bowen.
Ship's Cook—Lewis Whillow.
Yeoman—Charles L. Clapp.
Seamen—H. P. Rollins, Antonio Rodriguez, Wm. Conolly, Wm. Toland, Price Argyle, Claus Jakelson, Peter Collins, John Hughes, William Hammond, Samuel Chase, Thomas Walsh, Wm Penny, Wm. Gould.
Ordinary Seamen—Hiram Carter, George McGorles, Wm. Allen, John J. Palmer, Thomas Johnson, Isaiah Cooper, William Johnston, George Spencer, Daniel B. Waldron, George Collate, John Brown, Henry Lewis, Jos. Jones, John Scott, Patrick Moran, John Cugit, Charles Howell.
Landsmen—Ebenezer Perry, Peter Schannel, Edward Upson, Thomas Fritz, John B. Mitchell, Alexander L. Huntington, Henry Carter, Wm. L. Nowell.
Boys—James Webb, Henry Gray, Edwin C. Holmes, George Gansler, Nicholas P. Boughton, John Murphy, John A. Leonard, Nathaniel Kennedy, John P. Pomeroy, Benjamin F. Batts, John Williams, Henry Greenfield.
Seventy-seven souls in all.

THE WARREN TRAGEDY.

Though the horrid murder of the Castner family in Warren County, New Jersey, has not for some time been noticed in the newspapers, yet, it appears that the citizens of New Jersey are leaving no means untried to detect the murderers. We learn from the Newark Advertiser that another item of evidence against the perpetrators is said to have been revealed, and that through the instrumentality of a *dog*—which was seen some days ago dragging a bloody coat from under *Carter's* barn, the prisoner now in custody on suspicion. On examination it proved to be Carter's coat!—very much stained with blood. It is further rumored that the servant girl who lived in Carter's family, at the time of the murder, said that Mrs. C washed her husband's clothes the next morning up stairs—which she had never done before. There are other strong circumstances against the prisoner, who is related by marriage to Mr. Parke, one of the murdered family, who was a bachelor, and whose property, in the usual course of descent, would have been inherited by the children of Mrs. Castner, who was also murdered with her husband and infant. Mr. Carter's wife, it is said, would have been the next heir.

NEW ORLEANS.

The reports of yellow fever cases in New Orleans have commenced, but the disease does not, as yet, appear to have attained any alarming prevalence. The city down to the 15th was considered decidedly healthy, for the season.

THE MAMMOTH STEAMER.

We find in the English papers notices of the iron steamer Great Britain, recently launched at Bristol, England. This is said to be the largest vessel built since the days of Noah; and it is to be hoped that her size may not prove an impediment in the way of her usefulness.

"There are no paddle wheels or boxes, the Archimedean screw being used. Her burthen is 3600 tons, being 2000 tons more than that of the Great Western. She will be propelled by engines of 1000 horse power combined. The following are her dimensions:—Length from figure-head to taffrail 322 feet; length of keel 289 feet; extreme width 50 feet 6 inches; she has four decks, the upper deck is flush, and is 308 feet long; the second deck consists of two promenade saloons, the aft or first 110 feet 6 inches by 22 feet, and the forward or second class, 67 feet by 21 feet 9 inches. The third deck consists of the dining saloons, the grand saloon, measuring 98 feet 6 inches by 30 feet, and the second class 61 feet by 21 feet 9 inches. The whole of the saloons are 8 feet 3 inches high, and surrounded by sleeping berths, of which are 26 with single beds, and 113 containing two, giving 252 berths. This large number is exclusive of the accommodation which could be prepared on the numerous sofas. The fourth deck is appropriated to the reception of cargo, of which 1200 tons will be carried in addition to 1000 tons of coal. The forecastle is intended for the officers and sailors' mess-rooms and sleeping berths, with the sail-rooms underneath. The engines and boilers occupy a space of 90 feet in the middle portion of the vessel. The engine room and the cooking establishment are situated in this part of the ship. There are 3 boilers; these are heated by 24 fires, and will contain 200 tons of water. There are 4 engines of 250 horse power each, the cylinders of which are 7 feet 4 inches in diameter. The chimney is 39 feet high and 8 feet diameter. She is fitted with six masts, the highest of which is 74 feet *above deck*. The quantity of canvass carried will be about 1700 square yards."

CUBA.

This island has preserved a quiet truly remarkable during the whole of the troubles in the mother country—Spain. It can hardly be said to be governed by Spain—the appointment of Governors being about the extent of the authority exercised by the home government. Under the local administration the affairs of the island quietly go on, the only recognition of dependance being in the payment of taxes, which are considered amply compensated for by the shadow of legitimacy which the old State gives the local government—a shadow still sufficient for all practical purposes. A letter writer in Havana, in allusion to the difficulties in Spain, says:

"Whatever happens there—no matter what may be the result of the present struggle for power between the various factions—it is not at all likely that any change will occur here. The same policy which has governed the leading men of this Island, until it has acquired its title of 'Siempre fidelissima,' will, and must, from local circumstances, continue to prevail. The people are generally prosperous—the enormous, (and almost, in modern times, unparalleled) exactions of the mother government, to the contrary notwithstanding. There are not a few, but many very wealthy inhabitants, and some there are, with possessions that would, in the most aristocratic and expensive country in the world, England, be considered princely—what have these immediately to gain by Revolution? Nothing."

THE SAN ANTONIO PRISONERS.

The Petersburgh, Va., Intelligencer has a statement which, if authentic, makes the capture of the San Antonio prisoners a case of peculiar hardship—and one for which the United States are in some degree responsible. It is said that during the last summer a letter was received by the Texian Government from the United States Charge, requesting a suspension of hostilities, as the Government of the United States had tendered its offices as Mediator between the belligerents. In compliance with this request the Texian Government revoked an order levying a force of 1400 men which was designed for frontier service, and thus the frontier town of San Antonio was left defenceless, and its inhabitants, trusting to the assurances of our Government, were found entirely off their guard by the Mexican force under Gen. Woll, which captured the men now in confinement at Perote.

TERRIBLE DESTITUTION.

The London Chronicle, in a letter from Birmingham, gives a sad account of the condition of the poor operatives near that great manufacturing place. The Chamber of Commerce, had held a meeting to take into consideration the alarming state of the country. To the question "how are the poor maintained—how do they live?" the reply was, that they could hardly be said to live. They were completely wasting off the earth for want of food; they were daily becoming *unable to work from excessive weakness.* Before they could commence work the employers were obliged to order them food. One man put to work had hardly commenced his labor when he fell down, from entire weakness, and died in two hours after. And all this distress exists in one country, while in another food enough to supply these destitute people twice over, is annually suffered to waste.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

The gross result of the Congressional elections held in six States, viz., North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, is the return of 36 Democrats and 19 Whigs. In North Carolina five Democrats and four Whigs were chosen; in Tennessee six Democrats and five Whigs; in Alabama six Democrats and one Whig; in Illinois six Democrats and one Whig; in Indiana eight Democrats and two Whigs; and in Kentucky five of each party.

In Tennessee the Whigs have elected their governor, and a majority of the Legislature, securing the two Senators in Congress. In the other States the other party has succeeded in its local elections.

REVIVING.

The village of Fall River, Mass., which recently suffered so great a loss by fire, is beginning to rise from the ashes. The Monitor, published there, has again been issued, and from it we copy the following particulars of the re-building in that town:—Not quite six weeks have elapsed since about two hundred buildings, covering twenty acres of ground in this place, were destroyed by fire, with a large part of their contents. Already there are about one hundred buildings of different sizes in progress—some nearly finished and others in various stages of progress. This furnished a fine market for lumber of every kind and employment for multitudes of industrious mechanics and laborers.

SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

The most prevalent superstition relative to comets is that they are ominous of ill; but the Mexicans regard the appearance of a comet as the precursor of good fortune. Each such celestial phenomenon is regarded as announcing the approaching discovery of a new and very productive mine of gold or silver. It is said in Mexico, of the comet of 1811, that it came expressly for the discovery of the mine of Refugio; that the comet of 1819 brought about the discovery of the bed of native silver of morelas; and that of 1835 the discovery of the mines of Guadaloupe by Calvo, situated in the midst of a desert, which has now a town of five to six thousand inhabitants.

HEARSAY.

An action was recently brought in Boston for damages for the value of two pigs, which had by some means disappeared from the owner's pen. The owner saw the defendant standing near his pen, and presently heard two pigs squeal, and afterwards his pigs were missing. On this evidence, the plaintiff claimed to have made out a prima facie case, and maintained that the squealing proved that the two pigs had been taken off at the time by the defendant. The counsel for the defendant objected to the admission of the squealing, upon the ground that it was hearsay evidence. So the Court thought, and gave verdict for the defendant.

BRITISH NAVY.

The Royal Navy, at the present time, consists of 230 vessels, of all descriptions, mounting 3471 guns, namely, 3 yachts, 14 sea-going line battle ships, 31 frigates, 35 sloops of war, 34 smaller vessels, 25 surveying vessels, (including 9 steamers) 9 troop ships, 1 hospital ship, and 10 stationary guard ships. The force at home consists of 780 guns, Mediterranean 653, Brazils 151, East Indies 566, Cape and Coast of Africa 293, North America and West Indies 315, Particular service 232, Surveying 120, Troopers 58, Lakes 8; total, 3471. This is an augmentation of 8 vessels, but a reduction of 384 guns since the commencement of the year.

THE PHOENIX BANK TRIALS.

The trial of Browne and Wyman, the former, Cashier, and the latter, President of the Phoenix Bank, of Charlestown, Mass., which created considerable excitement in Boston, was terminated on Tuesday evening. The jury acquitted Browne, and could not agree as to Wyman, and were discharged. A new trial will take place in October, and the defendant was obliged again to find bail.

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.

The Vicksburg Sentinel states that Governor Pucker, of Mississippi, sent his message to the House in manuscript, alleging as his reason for doing so, that it was unconstitutional to send it in printed form."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A transportation wagon was found capsized on a declivity near Baltimore, on Wednesday, and the driver lying in much suffering beneath the saddle horse, which seemed unable to rise. The poor man was just able to speak, and stated that there was a lady in the wagon whom he heard groan a moment before, and directed them to help her first. The wagon was accordingly examined, and the unhappy woman discovered under a quantity of merchandise, a barrel of saltpetre lying upon her breast, her breast-bone being apparently crushed in, and she in a dying condition. Neither of the unfortunates were expected to recover.

ATTENUATION.

Some 30 years ago, Mr. Houldsworth, of England, succeeded in spinning one pound of cotton into what is understood as 300 hanks, and this was considered by the public as the *ne plus ultra* of the art. But we are told by an English paper that it is now no unusual thing for a pound of spun yarn to contain 450 hanks! or a yarn of 387,000 yards or two hundred and fifteen miles! The chief demand of this very fine yarn is from France.

BAIT FOR GULLS.

An auctioneer of Exeter, England, announces that he is instructed by the executors of the late Rev. Edward Leigh, of Paddington, to offer for sale by tender, the satin cap worn by the unfortunate Charles I. at his execution. In no country would a piece of merchandise of this description sell more readily or command, through competition, a higher price than in England.

A GOOD IDEA.

The cab drivers in England have a little white flag, which shuts down by a hinge. When unengaged, this flag is hoisted, and any one may apply; when down, they are engaged, and none need do so. This saves questions, and gets many a shilling on a return route. We shall expect to find this useful contrivance adopted at once by the cabmen in our cities.

CHRISTINA GILMOUR.

This unhappy woman, accused of the murder of her husband took passage last week for Liverpool, in a packet ship. She was taken on board by Mr. Rapeige, the United States Marshal, but was not surrendered to the English officer until the vessel got outside of the harbor, in order that no more action by habeas corpus should be attempted.

SENSIBLE APPROPRIATION.

Isaac H. Townsend, of New Haven, has presented $1000 to Yale College, the interest of which is to be appropriated annually for five premiums of $12 each, to members of the senior class, for English composition. There is no branch of collegiate instruction which more needs encouragement.

NOTHING NEW.

Perfumed loco-foco matches for ladies toilettes, are the latest Yankee invention. So say the papers—but they are wrong. The first matches of this description made were called "Lucifers"—sold at about twenty-five cents the box, and had no unpleasant smell when ignited.

THAT HOT SUNDAY.

The second of July last (the memorable "hot Sunday" in Philadelphia) was so cold in London, that fires were found very agreeable. Probably it was colder still in Greenland.

NEW ENGLAND CROPS.

The Boston Mercantile Journal says the prospects of good crops of corn, potatoes, and root vegetables in the New England States, appear highly favorable.

CURIOUS FARE.

Sloop Lady Clinton returned to Nantucket from the Shoals, after an absence of nine days, with *seventy-eight sword-fish.*

Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, August, 3, 1843.

There is quite a stir in the United Kingdom on the subject of churches. In Scotland, there is a division in the Kirk, in which the seceders have carried off the popularity, while the old or orthodox party retain the property. In Ireland, Catholicism is said to be one, at least, of the great moving powers of the present political agitation; while in England, Dr. Pusey's party, maugre all they might assert to the contrary, seem anxious to make a retrograde motion, backward from the Reformation and Protestantism, towards the Roman Catholic tenets, faith and worship. Well! Every year strengthens the opinions of thoughtful men and lovers of civil and religious freedom, in favor of severing every Church from political power. The temporal influence and inquisition of the Church of Rome, were derived from her grasping at Secular rule, to retain which, human thought, which should be free as air, was to be fettered—the "established" (semi-political) Church of Scotland is now in a state of schism for the possession of power, and the retaining of property—and the "established" (political) Church of England, from its union with the State, gives constant rise to disputes, bickering and unjust taxation upon dissenters. There is, at any rate, one good thing in the United States of America, namely—the universal toleration of all religions, and their total severance from political authority. You are right. Never give political or temporal power to any class of clergy, for by so doing, you will infallibly endanger national freedom. Religion should be kept as a thing too pure, too sacred to be contaminated by a corrupt association with secular authority or excessive wealth. Such things are likely to give rise to ambition and avarice, instead of a life blameless and upright before God. But to return to Puseyism. The impression—nay, the conviction in this country, is that the spirit of Puseyism is adverse to the spirit onward, bounding, rational and free—of the Reformation; while, if adopted, it would infallibly lead to an increase of the power and influence of the Clergy. However plausibly Dr. Pusey's doctrines may be set forth, it is clear that they embrace a favorable view and positive adoption of several Roman Catholic points in their construction of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and in their views of the Christian faith, worship and ceremonies. I have been told that candles (a harmless but useless pageant) have been used in some Protestant Churches in the day-time, and other symbols and ceremonials of the Church of Rome. But, be that as it may—of one thing you may feel assured—namely, that the People, the now civilized and advancing People, will never follow in the wake of Dr. Pusey. Depend upon it, if all the clergy in the Kingdom were to "Puseyise," their congregations would never follow them, for the religious tendency in England is not backward towards the ancient Church from which our ancestors seceded, but forward to the very freest system of religious toleration. There might be a few, a very few persons who embrace Dr. Pusey's views, but the tendency of the masses is rather towards Methodism than Catholicism. The vast majority of the congregations in the Church of England, have embraced the "evangelical" or low Church party, in contradistinction to the Orthodox or high Church party, which latter would alone furnish the Pusey proselytes. As an instance to point, it was not long since that the Rector of a large Parish and Congregation in Shoreditch, London, became so highly Puseyite in his doctrines and ceremonies, that he appeared half Catholic, whereupon the people met and sent a memorial, unanimously adopted, to the Bishop of London, requesting that they, a Protestant congregation, might be allowed a *Protestant Minister*, according to the forms and spirit of the *Protestant Church* of England! The result has not yet transpired, but if the present Rector should not conform, rely upon it that his Bishop will not. I had almost said dare not refuse the unanimous desire of this congregation. The people here, are jealous of their privileges, and I am convinced they will never sanction any thing that tends to increase unduly the power and secular authority or influence of the clergy.

The affairs of Ireland still continue to occupy much attention, though it is evident that the agitation diminishes. Indeed it is impossible to keep up any excitement to fever heat for many weeks or months, and the Ministry seem disposed to let it burn out. Then, and not till then, it is probable that some important changes will be made in Ireland. The very first should be a modification of the affairs of the Church. Can any thing be more unjust than setting Protestant ministers, with salaries given by law, over hundreds of parishes where the entire population is Catholic? Protestant as I am, it is impossible to advocate such injustice. "Oh! reform it altogether." O'Connell contrives to prevent any outbreak, and by so doing, he exhibits a sound, a great and a humane policy, more likely than any other, to lead to an amelioration of whatever grievances may exist in Ireland. I do not think, however, that a repeal of the Legislative Union will be one of the results. The "Repeal Rent" of the last three months is announced at £15,798—£10,000 of which will be placed in the English Funds. The rest, I suppose, is used to defray printing, travelling expenses, secretaries, orators, reporters, &c., &c. Some time next month "a meeting of all Ireland" is to be held on the hill of Tara. *Apropos* of these meetings. A gentleman informs me that the numbers said to be present, are greatly exaggerated—I suppose it is so in descriptions of all political meetings—but he told me that a surveyor from the Ordnance Department had attended them all—had measured the area or space occupied, and allowing so many per square rod, had found the numbers so much smaller than represented, that the difference seems almost ridiculous. I have just seen a letter from Waterford, from which I extract the following important passage, which touches, as you will see, upon several new points in the matter.

"The peasantry of the County of Wexford differ from those of the other counties in the resolute character which they bear; they are considered a peaceable, orderly, and generally well conducted portion of the community, but when once they are excited, nothing can exceed their implacability. The view which this class holds on the important subject of Repeal is generally of a serious character. They imagine that the government is in a state of terror, from witnessing the physical displays which have been held in the country, and that they are meditating the giving them the boon they ask, namely the Repeal of the Union. I am sorry to have to say that a portion of this class think it probable that an appeal to arms will be the manner in which the present agitation will end. The converts to this opinion are becoming daily more and more numerous. Whether they are in earnest or only making a joke on the minds of those who may be timidly disposed, I cannot say, but as long as the executive continue in the present indolent state, so long will these wicked disposed persons continue to keep the well-disposed in a state of terror. The number of Frenchmen in this country at present is exceedingly numerous. What their object is I cannot imagine; every meeting which is held is attended by numbers of them, apparently as spectators. Almost every day we see numbers arriving by the different steamers from England; what they intend to do in this country, I am at a loss to say. I candidly admit that their conduct requires watching; I feel assured that the Repealers are not wishful to join them at present in any armed commotion, and hope they may continue in the same state of mind. As it is, the trade of the country is in a very dull state."

Spain is a bloody theatre. Change, Violence and Anarchy seem to have marked it for their own. Espartero is said to have taken refuge in Portugal. But this news must be received *cum grano salis*, for another account positively affirms that he was bombarding Seville with every chance of success. At any rate Espartero's power is doomed, as a kind of Provisional Government, or rather a new Ministry is established at Madrid, in favor of the Dowager Queen Christina's party. How melancholy that such a woman, who has notoriously lived in the most improper manner, should join in intrigues to set the people against each other's throats! It is thought that the young Queen, Isabella, will be united with a Prince of Louis Philippe's family—probably the Duke D'Aumale. But there! Every thing connected with Spain is so uncertain, that it is hardly worth speculating upon. I observe that the Prince de Joinville, who married an American Princess, has been raised to the rank of Rear Admiral.

The Queen continues as popular as ever. A few nights since she attended the Opera, and drew a "bumper," the receipts being £2900. Dashing balls at Buckingham Palace are the order of the day; but all these things, in my opinion, shrink into insignificance, when compared with the grand event of launching the "Great Britain" iron steamship of thirty-six hundred tons, in this city about a fortnight ago. The papers have no doubt furnished you with ample details of the ceremony, &c. I will, therefore, only add that such a triumph of science is more truly worthy the name and glories of a "victory," than all the battles that have ever been gained. The victories of steam and skill promote the happiness, while those of war produce the misery of mankind. The noble undertaking of a single mercantile firm in London, the Barings, in uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, will do more good than the exploits of a thousand butchering so-called "heroes!"

There is still some distress in the Manufacturing Districts, and the Welch riots continue; but trade on the whole has improved. Capital goes begging, and there are nearly £12 000 000 ($60,000 000) specie, in the vaults of the Bank of England, to say nothing of the vast amounts in the other London and country banks. Cotton is slightly improving, though the stock on hand is unusually large. Indeed every thing in Europe (Spain excepted) bears a more cheerful aspect.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

On the outside of this day's paper will be found an interesting extract from the letters of Mr. Weed, the *Editor* of the Albany Journal, now travelling in Europe. We add here another extract, giving as good a bird's eye view of the Bank of England as we ever read.

"We availed ourselves this morning of the permission obtained by Mr. Wiggin to visit the Bank of England. An official (Macer or Usher) with laced dress coat and three cornered hat, escorted us leisurely through an institution that is so potent in controling and regulating the money pulsations of Europe. It is situated on Threadneedle street, but fronts upon half a dozen others, and occupies an irregular area of eight acres. There are no windows through the exterior of the building, light being supplied by sky-lights and open courts within. There is a clock, by which bank time is kept, with dials indicating the time in sixteen different offices. The bank with its various offices are open from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. The bank has its printing office, book bindery, engraving office, &c. Checks, blank books, &c., are all printed within the bank, as are the bank notes. In the room where the circulating notes are printed, there are eight presses, all constantly employed, and which throw off about 8000 impressions daily.

"We saw two presses rolling off five pound notes, and others upon the various denominations up to a £1000, which is the largest note the bank issues. The dates and numbers of the notes are supplied by smaller presses in another room. The paper is delivered to the presses counted (an hundred sheets at a time) and when worked and returned, another hundred sheets are given. Pressmen work five hours, and earn from two to three guineas a week. In the office where redeemed notes are examined, cancelled, &c., 136 clerks are constantly employed. When we entered this room our attendant was sharply reprimanded for bringing strangers there, but on being informed that it was 'the Governor's order,' we were allowed to pass. Forty thousand different notes are frequently sent to this office, to be cancelled, in a day.

"The bank, you know, never re-issues a note. When returned to the counter for payment, a note is cancelled, filed away, to be burnt at the expiration of ten years. The armory of the bank contains a hundred stand of muskets, with pistols, cutlasses, hand grenades, &c., and has a night guard 38 strong. In the office where the bank notes are counted into parcels, tied with twine and placed in pigeon holes, we found five staid, methodical, matter-of-fact looking clerks, whom you would trust for their faces. One of these old chaps, with the precision of 'Old Owen' and the good nature of 'Tim Linkenwater,' took his keys and unlocked the depositories of paper wealth. The 'rags' of each denomination were in separate parcels. When we came to the 'high number,' he placed four packages in my hand, and remarked, '*you now hold £4 000 000 sterling in your hand, sir.*' Yes, I was actually in possession of TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—a sum much larger than the whole estate of John Jacob Astor! But it all returned to its pigeon-hole, and left me a far happier man than those who are encumbered with overgrown fortunes.

"Another of the old clerks opened the gold dormitories, where repose an endless number of bags, each containing eight hundred sovereigns. We were next and finally conducted to a subterranean region enriched by gold and silver bullion. Here bars of the precious metals were as plentifully heaped as those of iron and steel are in the stores of our friends Benedict, Townsend and Corning. The silver we did not meddle with, but we handled bars of gold, each weighing eight thousand pounds sterling, that were piled in barrow loads of seventy thousand pounds sterling each. Much of this bullion was recently received from China, as an *instalment* upon the sum John Bull makes the Celestials pay for their obstinate refusal to 'take opium.' The Bank of England has now, in paper and specie, nearly thirty-eight millions of pounds sterling. There are eight hundred persons, in its various departments, constantly employed within its walls."

Items of News.

The Specie in the Banks of the three cities of New York, Boston and New Orleans amounts to $26,417,960, divided as follows:—New York, $12,-589 103; Boston, $8,000,000; New Orleans, $5,-858 887.

☞ The "Faculty" in Cayuga county, commenced a suit against a homoeopathic doctor, for illegal practice. The case was sent to the jury, and a verdict of *three farthings* rendered against the defendant!

☞ The Liverpool Mercury announces the arrival in that port of a number of very large American lobsters by the steamship Hibernia. One of them weighed 25½ pounds.

☞ On the 6th inst., the barque John Barnes sailed from Galveston for Liverpool. This is the first Texian vessel that ever sailed on a visit to England.

☞ The Newark Advertiser says:—"It is stated that two-thirds of the Cotton yarn now spinning in Paterson is on contract for the China market.

Local Intelligence

Heavy Rains.—Petitions have been presented to Councils, from various citizens, asking that measures may be taken to prevent the overflow of water into their premises, in the vicinity of Market and Fourth streets, Dock and Second, and on the lower side of Washington Square during heavy rains. It was resolved by Councils, on motion of Mr. Corbit, "that the City Surveyor, in conjunction with the committee on Public Highways, be requested to furnish to Councils a plan for more effectually draining the city, so as to guard against the destructive effects of sudden overflows, and that said committee, should they deem it expedient, be authorised to employ an engineer to aid in the examination of the subject, and that the committee report as soon as practicable."

Case of Stabbing.—On Monday morning, a young man went into the dwelling of Joseph Wimer, in Catharine street, near Sixth, and inquired for Mr. W.; whereupon his wife sent for him, and he soon after came home. After entering the room, the young man asked him if he knew him, and being answered in the negative, he drew a sword from his cane and thrust it into the breast of Wimer. The weapon struck upon one of the lower ribs, and, glancing off, slightly lacerated the flesh, making but a trifling wound. The young man was arrested, and gave as his motive for the act, that Wimer had seduced his sister. Wimer has foreborne to prosecute; and the young man has returned to New York.

Despicable.—Four Horses Poisoned.—On Friday last, four fine black horses, belonging to Mr. D. Kollock, undertaker, on Second street, below Plum, were all taken sick and on the same day two of them died, on the following day the other two died also. They were opened, the stomachs taken out and examined, and in the opinion of competent persons called to examine them, had all been poisoned. The poor beasts suffered extremely, the perspiration pouring off them almost in a stream for hours before their strong constitutions would yield to death. Such a horrible crime cannot remain unpunished—the perpetrator will betray himself.

Death on the Rail Road.—A young lady, aged 20, named Mary Miller, while walking in company with another young lady, and a gentleman, on the Columbia Rail Road, between Schuylkill Sixth and Seventh streets, on Sunday evening about 7 o'clock, was knocked down by the Lancaster train of cars, and instantly killed. The train was drawn by four horses, and passed immediately over her neck. She was engaged in animated conversation, and was in no danger where she was walking; but the sudden approach of the cars terrified and confused her so that she stepped directly into danger.

Accident on the Railroad.—A colored boy, about 10 years of age, named George Edward Henderson, was accidentally run over by a car on the Columbia Rail Road, west of Broad street, on Wednesday morning and instantly killed. The Coroner held an inquest upon the body.

Pickpockets About.—Mr. E. Salmon, a passenger in the Baltimore line on Tuesday, had his pocket picked a short time previous to the steamboat arriving at Dock street wharf, of upwards of one hundred dollars in gold.

General News.

A Remarkable Fact.—The Boston Journal says—"A Baptist clergyman and his wife, who reside in the vicinity of Boston, have the pleasure daily of gathering around their fireside, four daughters, who were born in the four different quarters of the globe, viz: one in Europe, one in Asia, one in Africa, and one in America—a fact probably unparalleled in the history of any other family in New England. Long may the links that bind together these sisters, remain as unbroken as those that unite the several quarters of the globe which they represent."

Dreadful Accident.—A dreadful accident occurred on the Summerville (N. J.) Railroad, on Saturday morning. A "snake-head" ran up through the bottom of the car and killed a passenger. It passed through his throat. The conductor, who was sitting beside the unfortunate young man at the time, sprung out of the way uninjured. The unfortunate man was a young mechanic, residing at Boundbrook, named Staats.

Losses by the Freshet.—The Delaware County Republican mentions some of the losses in that region by the freshet. It mentions eleven manufacturers who have lost in the aggregate between $70,000 and $80,000. Fifty two bridges were swept away, and at least twenty-seven lives lost. The names of those are not given. Many others were also heavy losers, and numbers sustained minor damage to their property.

☞ A man and woman ran away from their much better halves, respectively, at Toronto, Canada, last week, taking a large share of the woman's husband's valuables with them. Captain Twoyy, of the steamboat America, being informed of the fact, nobly put back and landed the woman in Canada again. Uncle Sam has taken possession of the goods, and will restore them to the rightful owners.

The New York Banks.—A statement just published, shews that the whole Bank circulation of New York is under fifteen millions of dollars—and the specie about equals this amount of notes. The whole discounted debt to these banks exceeds their united capitals by less than twenty-five per cent. There are four millions due to the United States Treasury, and about half a million to the State.

☞ A letter from Washington under date of the 19th, says—"There was a cabinet meeting to-day, and the session was prolonged to a late hour. Alexander G. Abell has been ordered off immediately, as bearer of despatches to our Charge de Affaires near the government of Texas. He sets out, post haste, to-morrow morning, for New Orleans."

A Homicide.—The Louisville Kentuckian says, "a son of the late Judge Boyle, during the election, had an altercation with Mr. Greenwood, clerk of the election, and shot him. The polls were closed till after dinner, when Greenwood said he would like to vote, as he had not many hours to live. He voted and died the same evening."

The Wrong Box.—A Yankee in Toronto, attempted to smuggle a soldier out of the province by carrying him off in a box. The trick was discovered, the soldier was taken out of his box and the Yankee found himself in a bad box. The soldier was the man named Hughes who has announced a cure for hydrophobia once or twice.

Flax Seed—Oil.—The Genesee Farmer, says great attention has been paid this year to the culture of Flax Seed, in Western New York, for the purpose of making Oil. In Seneca County alone, more than 1000 acres have been put down to Flax, solely for the sake of the seed. Several Oil Mills are now erecting in that quarter.

Returned.—Among the hundred and twenty-one passengers by the Great Western were President Durbin, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., Mr. and Miss Mott, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Pennington, the colored clergyman, whose speeches attracted much attention at the recent anniversaries in London.

☞ The splendid spire of St. Mary's Church, in Cincinnati, has been completed. The largest bell of the chime, cast by Mr. Coffin, of that city, weighs 3366 pounds, and is the heaviest bell in the Western States, there being but two heavier in the Union—one at New York and the other at Philadelphia.

Rain Storm.—New York City suffered much on Monday night from a violent rain, in the drenching of cellars, &c. The Long Island Railroad was much injured, and the New Jersey Railroads suffered damage sufficient to impede travel between the cities of Philadelphia and New York.

☞ John Atwood, Esq., Treasurer of the Commonwealth of New Hampshire, has been appointed Chaplain of the State Prison of that State, vice the Rev. Edmund Worth, removed. The salary was fifty dollars, but was raised to three hundred at the last session of the Legislature.

☞ The Ouachita (La.) Courier, says that Mr. McIntyre of that parish, has just received a barrel of oil, made from Bene seed, being part of a lot which he raised last year, by way of experiment. Mr. M. thinks that the culture of the bene plant may be made very profitable.

From Sierra Leone.—By the brig W. Garrison from Sierra Leone, information is brought of the death of the Rev. L. B. Minor, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas. He died on the 29th of May. All the other missionaries are well.

☞ A merchant expresses the opinion that the next cotton crop will not equal that which has just gone forward, and that in all probability, it will not reach 2 000 000 bales.

Too Much Calomel.—A verdict of $3000 has been rendered against Dr. Humphrey, of Guernsey county, Ohio, for mal-practice. He gave a boy too much calomel.

Commencement of Wesleyan University.—The number of graduates was seventeen. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin College, and that of L.L. D., on the Hon. Levi Woodbury. The honorary degree of M. A. was conferred on the Rev. Anson W. Cummings, principal of the Governor Wesleyan Seminary.

☞ At a meeting of the Phi-Beta-Kappa at Yale College, the Society proceeded to the election of Orator and Poet for the ensuing year, which resulted in the choice of the Right Rev. William H. DeLancy, of Geneva, N. Y., Orator; Hon. Willis Hall, of Albany, N. Y., substitute; Mr. Geo. H. Colton, of New Haven, Poet.

Fire.—A disastrous fire occurred in Milton, Mass., on Saturday night. It destroyed the Dorchester and Milton Bank, the large tavern adjacent, the chocolate manufactory of Mr. Baker, and several inferior buildings. The amount of damage is not stated.

☞ A Wild Boy, with a mane of hair growing down his back, was seen, a few days since, in Caledon, Canada. His name is Thomas Spears, and he was lost in the woods on the night of the 30th September, 1841.

☞ Upwards of sixty tons of wool, from the west, were landed at the freight depot of the Albany and Boston Rail-road, on Tuesday of last week, for manufacturing establishments between Albany and Boston.

Wool.—The Burlington, Vt., Free Press says:—"One hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars in cash, have been paid for Wool, by four houses in this town during the present season!

☞ The fund for the National Monument to Washington, to be built at Washington City, after several years accumulation, amounts to $42,000.

☞ The account of ex-Governor Van Ness, with the United States Government have been adjusted, and a handsome balance found his due.

☞ The military companies of the District of Columbia, have resolved to hold an encampment near Washington, during the ensuing fall.

☞ The Mississippi Legislature has abolished the office of tax collector, and referred its duties to the county sheriffs.

Notices of the Dead.

An Old Clergyman.—Died, in Newton, Mass., on Friday, 11th inst., Rev. Jonathan Homer, D. D., late Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in that town. He was born in Boston, April 15th, 1759, and was fitted for College by the celebrated Master Lovell, who, it is said, pronounced him to be the best classical scholar whom he had prepared for that ancient Seminary. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1777, and ordained at Newton in February, 1782, having been settled in the ministry for more than sixty-one years. For more than half a century he has devoted himself to biblical studies, particularly to the various translations of the Scriptures into the vernacular language. For this purpose he has collected, at great pains and expense, abundant materials from our own and other lands. He delighted much in his profession,—and while health and strength remained, he devoted himself to the sacred duties of his office, "in season and out of season." He was indeed a "son of consolation." While he contended earnestly for the faith of the pilgrim fathers, it was his constant aim to "speak the truth in love."

A Salem Merchant.—We learn from the Salem, Mass., Register, that the Hon. Benjamin Pickman died in that city on Wednesday the 16th instant, in consequence of a severe injury received by him a few weeks since from the oversetting of his carriage. He was the father of the late Col. Benjamin T. Pickman, of this city, and a son of a very respectable gentleman long known by the same name and title. He was educated at Harvard University, and during many years was actively employed in public life. He was repeatedly elected a Representative of the town of Salem, and a Senator for the county of Essex, in the State Legislature, and was also at one period a Representative in Congress, and we think repeatedly a member of the Executive Council of the State. In all these capacities he discharged his various trusts as a faithful, discreet and able public servant. He was also distinguished for his amiable and benevolent character and agreeable manners.

Death of Judge Halsey.—The Hon. William Halsey, one of the oldest and most distinguished citizens of Newark, N. J., died suddenly at his residence, in that place on Wednesday the 16th instant, of apoplexy, in the 73d year of his age. Judge Halsey has been a member of the New Jersey Bar for near half a century, having been admitted in 1794, and was, consequently, one of the oldest members of the profession, from which he retired several years ago. Judge H. never entered into political life; but after he retired from the practice of his profession, which had been very extensive, he accepted a seat on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, for the county, and was the first Mayor of Newark under the new charter.

Mr. John Noyes, of Calais, Me., died in that town, on the 4th instant, aged 81 years. While a very young man he entered the army of the Revolution, and continued to bear arms for his country until he was made prisoner of war at Gate's defeat. He went to that portion of the State in the year 1787 and has passed a long life there, universally respected. He died like a Patriot and Christian, and has left numerous descendants and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss and cherish his memory.

A Sudden Death.—Hon. Lucas Elmendorf, of Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y., arrived at Albany in the day boat on Monday evening, walked to the Carlton House, and called for tea for himself and friend, saying in answer to the landlord's inquiry, that he was in usual good health, when he was seized with faintness and almost immediately expired.

☞ Mrs. Jane Hall, who was the consort of the late William Hall, one of the earliest printers of the city of Baltimore, and the partner of Benjamin Franklin, in printing and publishing the first newspaper in Philadelphia, died at Salem, N. J., on Wednesday morning of last week, in the 88th year of her age.

☞ Mr. John Golden, Senr., who died in Adams county, Pa., on the 6th instant, at the age of 81 years and 11 months, left behind him 12 children, 74 grand-children, and 34 great grand-children, making the total number of his offspring 120.

☞ The Charlestown, (Va.) Free Press notices the death of Mr. Lewis Wernwag, of Virginia, near Harpers' Ferry, distinguished as a man of unbounded benevolence, genius and skill.

Army & Navy

☞ The U. S. store ship Lexington, Lieutenant Commanding Glendy, arrived last evening from Gibraltar, July 27th. We learn, by the Lexington, that on the 16th July, the Minorcans declared in favor of the Queen.

The following deaths occurred on the homeward passage of the Lexington:—August 2d, Alexander Campbell, marine; 3d, Thomas Ware, seaman, from the United States ship Delaware; and 20th, Samuel White, Carpenter, late of the United States ship Fairfield.

The United States sloop Preble, left Mahon, July 12th, for the United States, to touch at Barcelona and intermediate Spanish ports; the United States ship Delaware sailed July 17th, for Toulon and the coast of Italy. Congress and Fairfield on a cruise up the Mediterranean. Spoke, August 3d, lat. 37 49, lon. 34 36 United States frigate Macedonian, to touch at the Western Islands—all well.

The Naval General Court Martial which convened on board the U. S. ship Pennsylvania on the 23d instant, is for the trial of Lieut. Addison B. Taliaferro, and such others as may be brought before it. The court is composed as follows:—Commodore James Biddle, President; Commanders Stephen Cassin, Captains Thomas T. Webb, John Percival, Bladen, Dulany, Joseph Smoot, John Gwinn; Commanders William Jameson, William M. Armstrong, Robert B. Cunningham, John Rudd, James P. Wilson. Lieut. William Green, members; John L. Upshur, Esq., of Norfolk, Judge Advocate.

☞ A letter from Washington, of recent date, says the vacancy in the Purser's corps of the navy, occasioned by the untimely death of young Stevens, will be filled by the youngest son of the Secretary of the Treasury. He has been captain's clerk one or two cruises, and is well qualified for the situation.

☞ The United States snag boat has entered the mouth of the Missouri, and is very efficiently engaged in extracting snags, sawyers and logs between St. Charles and the mouth of the river. This work is much needed.

☞ The U. S. corvette Fairfield was at Trieste July 26th, to sail next day for Corfu, Athens, and Coast of Barbary.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART. *September*, 1843.—The embellishments of this number are: A portrait of Fitz Greene Halleck, from a picture by Henry Inman, engraved on steel by G. Parker; My Flowers, engraved on steel after W. Drummond, by A. L. Dick; My First Love, painted by G. T. Parris, and engraved by Dick. The contributors are: Hon. J. K. Paulding, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, N. P. Willis, W. Pitt Palmer, Rev. Walter Colton, Mrs. Annan, Hon. John L. Wilde, Rev. Lewis L. Noble, Samuel D. Patterson, John H. Mancur, Elizabeth B. Barrett, C. P. Cranch, Hon. R. T. Conrad, Mrs. Seba Smith, and Edgar A. Poe; beside articles by anonymous correspondents, Editors Table, &c., &c. From these various pens, we have, in the distinctive styles of the several authors, prose and verse, legend, sentiment, agreeable descriptions of life and manners, antiquarian and patriotic matter; in fine as elegant and attractive a melange as well could be imagined. Blessings on the man who first invented magazines—for in no other way could all tastes be so well consulted, and all descriptions of literature represented "in convention." The "unanimous vote" of the press this month is high in favor of Graham for September. We annex the contribution of Judge Conrad:

DEATH, THE DELIVERER.

Pale, trembling watcher, by the dark grave's brink,
Why dost thou falter? Wherefore dost thou shrink?
Death is no foe; and though—still, stealthy, near—
His creeping footstep breaks upon thine ear;
Why shouldst thou weep? With vain regrets away!
They cannot aid, to lapsing life, a day.
Sorrow and fear, themselves the shades of death,
Hollow the cheek and check the struggling breath;
Thus the frail snow-wreath, in the wintry ray,
Shrinks from the sun and weeps itself away.
How vain the sordid fear, the miser skill,
That o'er life's treasured fragments trembles still;
Trembles and weeps to mark how fast decays
The wretched remnant of his tortured days.
Death cannot come, unless it come from High;
He mocks his God who meets it with a sigh.
Ungrateful, too! Life is a generous boon,
Which claimed to-morrow, is not claimed too soon.
'Tis Heaven's, not ours—the lease of a domain;
And is it well, when claimed by Heaven again,
To yield reluctant our departing breath,
And meet, with moody tears, God's steward—Death?
When earth was cursed, and life a dream was made,
Where crime dogs crime, and shade still follows shade,
Death would have been the worshipped of the land,
And man had perished by his own right hand.
But from our hearts to drive this fell despair,
The instinct dread of death was planted there.
Now, when relenting nature, sent to save,
Opens to wo-worn man the gentle grave,
And points him there, his griefs and perils past,
A refuge and a resting place, at last,
What hopes, what joys should swell his grateful breast
To greet the couch that yields unbroken rest!
There let him sleep! There all of us must sleep.
Why o'er his tranquil pillow should we weep?
A sun-lit mind, soul generous, bland and brave;
My twin'd heart slumbers in his distant grave!
Yet, o'er the blest and honored, why repine?
His is the cradled calm—the tempest mine.
Want cannot reach him, slander cannot harm;
No spurn can wound him, and no frown alarm;
No dream of ill can haunt, no fears affright;
No foe can wrong him, and no friend can slight.
Sleep! thou whom ill can never more bedew!
Sleep on! would I were resting by thy side!
Why wouldst thou live? For self? Behold the past!
Such is the future. Wouldst thou have it last?
Like Arctic mountains, on whose hoary brow
Each winter adds its growing weight of snow,
Life numbers seasons by increasing cares,
And, year by year, a heavier burden bears.
But for thy friend, thou'lt welcome every wo?
A day, perchance, will make that friend thy foe.
Or for thy child? Live; and his prayer will be,
That death free thee from ill, and him from thee!
Or for thy country? Or thy race? Away!
Sneers, scoffs and wrongs thy idle pains repay.
Death comes too soon, 'tis said. The wise and brave
No season deem too early for the grave.
In youth, mid life and age, the same our doom
The best has fled! the worst has yet to come.
The grave alone ne'er changes. On its breast,
And there alone, we know untroubled rest;
Its kindness never wavers, wanes, decays—
Death is the only friend that ne'er betrays.
Man fears not age, yet shrinks from death. He knows
That age is weariness and death repose;
Yet from a coward fear, he trembling prays
To be accursed with length of wretched days;
To hear about a frame, convulsed with pains,
Whose watery blood scarce swells its frigid veins;
Yet cling, with palsied grasp, to torture still,
And deem death comes too soon, come when it will!
Death cannot sin. Each hour boasts now it comes;
And vice and folly mark the pace of time.
How few improve with years! Even from our birth
Our roots strike deeper in the sordid earth.
The grave! nor guilt nor passion haunts that shore;
We sleep, untempted there, and sin no more!
Is death a stranger to thee? Look abroad!
'Tis on all life—the signet mark of God!
Creation's pale-eyed offspring and its heir,
Whatever mirrors in, lo! death is there!
We gaze around, and see but death—we tread,
And every step reverberates o'er the dead!
Death, in thy boyhood, greeted at thy side
Was with thee still in manhood's strength and pride;
Mixed with thy toils and revels, joy and wo,
And wouldst thou meet him as a stranger, now?
Mysterious minister! who is gentle sway,
Draws us from grief and guilt and gloom away;
May thy dread summons, whensoe'er it sent,
Meet the calm courage of a life well spent;
Take, without struggle, our expiring breath,
And give that better life that knows no death.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, *September*.—The embellishments of the present number are: The Fair Artist (with a portrait of Vandyke) engraved by Neagle; Sir Roger De Coverly and his Tenants, engraved by Dick; Colored Rose and Butterfly, designed and drawn, by A. C. Smith, and the Fashions for September. The contributors are Mrs. Hale, H. T. Tuckerman, Prof. Sanderson, W. H. Carpenter, Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, Miss Leslie, N. P. Willis, Arthur, Herbert, Dr. McCabe, Anna Fleming, Mrs. Robbins, Prof. Frost, McMichael, H. H. Weld, and others. The publisher deems it his best number of the season, and we are certainly not at all disposed to quarrel with his judgment. The number is truly an excellent one in every respect.

ALISON'S EUROPE. *Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves, Graham, and Zieber & Co.*—The thirteenth number of this work contains what all the readers will be glad to see—the title page of the Fourth and last volume. M'Culloch's *Gazetteer*, by the same publishers, has reached its third number, and will soon fill as large a place in the public expectation as Alison has done, from week to week.

CELEBRATED TRIALS OF ALL COUNTRIES. *Selected by a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—We do not think it is in the power of any Philadelphia Lawyer to get together a more interesting mass of matter of this description than is here presented; and the cheap price at which it is published puts it in every body's reach.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.—The August number of this periodical, edited by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, contains much that will be read with interest and pleasure by all denominations of Christians. It is unreasonable, however, to expect that members of all sects will be equally pleased with every sentence in every article.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—Parts 13 and 14 of this work are now ready for purchasers. We need not say that it is one of the most excellent works of the kind extant—for public approval has long since settled that point.

☞ The Harpers' have in press Kendall's Sketches of his unwilling journey to Mexico. It will be one of the most extensively read books of the season.

ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.; Graham, and Van Yorx.*—One of the most interesting books which has been published this season. It is in the shilling form, but very neatly printed on good paper.

FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.—No. 6 of this valuable work has been received by Zieber & Co. Printed with great neatness, and liberally illustrated, it will become a standard edition, as it is the only American one.

DEATH, OR MEDORUS' DREAM, is the title of a poem by the author of Ahasuerus, published by the Harpers' and for sale by Perkins & Purves. We have not read it.

FARMER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—No 13 of this valuable work, illustrated, like the preceding numbers, with a plate, has been issued by Carey & Hart.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, in the last published part goes back to England. With other serial stories it will be found at Zieber's, and Graham's.

PUSEYISM, NO POPERY, is the title of a pamphlet of seventy-two pages, written by Bishop Doane. It is for sale at Zieber's.

BLACKWOOD.—This Magazine for August has already been republished, and is for sale by Zieber & Co., and Graham.

Foreign Intelligence.

TWO STEAMERS ARRIVED.

SEVENTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the steamship Hibernia at Boston, and of the Great Western at New York, we have London and Liverpool dates to the 4th and 5th of August. The Hibernia made her last passage from Halifax to Liverpool in nine days—from Boston to Liverpool in eleven. Her passage from Liverpool to Boston was made in about thirteen. The Great Western had a little over fifteen days passage, and exceedingly heavy weather. The Hibernia brought over about 80 passengers, the Great Western 121.

In the general condition of England it is pleasant to notice, a favorable change. The country is more prosperous and her industry better employed than for years past. The Manufacturing Districts are in the main busy and tranquil, except that the Anti-Corn Law agitation is pressed with great vigor. There is an active demand for Cotton Goods for the China market. No change in money matters. Cotton is firm at our previous quotations, although the stock on hand is enormous—no less than one million bales, or 300,000 more than it was a year ago. The merchants are petitioning for a drawback on exported Cotton.

The speculation in Grain had subsided, but a most untimely rain commenced on the 2d inst., and was still falling when the Hibernia left. This interrupts and delays the Wheat harvest, and endangers the crop. The Potato and Turnip crops will be very large.

Parliamentary.

Parliament, it was supposed, would continue in session until the last week in August. The most important debate which had been held, was on the 28th of July, in the House of Commons, upon "the state of the country." It was introduced by Lord J. Russell, on a motion of going into committee of supply. His speech was a general view of the proceedings of the session, in the course of which he adverted to our new tariff, and spoke warmly in favor of plans for opening a market for produce in Great Britain in return for our abandonment of high duties on British imports; although he said nothing in favor of a substantial reciprocity. In allusion to Ireland he expressed the opinion that O'Connell's repeal meetings were illegal, but that any conviction would now be impossible, and that the agitation could not be suppressed without a "redress of grievances."

Sir Robert Peel in reply rested in opening upon the support given to government by the House. He referred confidently to the measure adopted, and to the course pursued with regard to France, this country, and the East. With regard to this country, he was not disposed to make "unilateral" concessions, nor to enter upon the subject of "commercial treaties." [This excited laughter.] But he claimed that there had been an improvement in trade with this country during the last six months, notwithstanding what he called our "prohibitory duties." With regard to Ireland, he repeated that the Ministers would leave no effort untried to maintain the legislative union, but that they would be forced into no unnecessary coercion or violence.

A bill was introduced into the House of Lords, on the 28th of July, by the Lord Chancellor legalising marriages which had taken place in Ireland, Presbyterian Clergymen officiating. It was read a first time.

On the evening of the 1st inst., Mr. Ward brought forward his motion for an address to the Queen, affirming the (Protestant) Church of Ireland to be among the most prominent grievances of her people, and pledging the House to co-operate with her in a new settlement of the property of that church. Lord Eliot, the Irish Secretary, replied to Mr. Ward's speech, and the debate was then adjourned to the next night. During the course of the second evening's debate, however, the House was obliged to adjourn for want of a quorum, and Mr. Ward signified that he should not call up his motion again.

THE ASHBURTON TREATY.—In the House of Commons on the 3d, Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a question put by Mr. Christopher, whether the agricultural produce of Maine would be introduced into England under the treaty of Washington at a colonial duty, said that the 3d article of the treaty had reference exclusively to the tract of country known as the disputed territory, the produce of which is exclusively timber.

Ireland.

The repeal agitation still continued in Ireland—and O'Connell still continued to address immense assemblages of enthusiastic Repealers, and to inculcate the most implicit obedience to the laws. Thousands are enrolled in the Repeal ranks daily, and the fund is swelled by liberal contributions from every quarter. Meantime the Cabinet is divided and perplexed. They have crowded 35,000 troops into Ireland, and can find nothing for them to do. At Enniscorthy, on the 20th of July, there was an immense gathering, and the 11th Regiment, a great part of which is Irish heartily cheered the repealers as they passed to the place of meeting. The following items from the report of the meeting of the National Repeal Association in Dublin look well for the cause.

Loyal National Repeal Association,
Corn Exchange Rooms,
Dublin, 25th July, 1843.

An account of all moneys paid into the National Repeal Treasury, for the quarter ending 4th of July, 1842, and the corresponding quarter ending 3d July, 1843.

	£	s.	d.
1842—Received from 5th April to 4th July, inclusive	999	9	7
1843—Received from 4th April to 3d July inclusive,	15,798	11	3
Increase on the quarter,	£14,799	1	8

By order, T. M. Ray, Secretary.

On Saturday next, £10,000 of that would be funded, and he would hand the scrip to Mr. Ray for £10,000. (Hear.) £1000 had been already paid towards the building of the new hall, and there were other expenses.

Mr. O'Connell read letters, enclosing the following sums:—£20 from New Brunswick, £30 from New York, £100 from New Providence, and £100 from Albany.

The meeting adjourned to two o'clock on Wednesday, when the Association again met.

It was announced that the Repeal rent for the week amounted to £2,198 19s. 6½d.

Mr. O'Connell is determined to put down all violence among the Repealers. At a little place called Abascragh a policeman having taken down a triumphal arch, he was set upon and severely beaten by the mob. At the next meeting of the National Association at which he was present, Mr. O'Connell spoke of the men of Abascragh as "traitors." He said no stronger way, he said, to make his abhorrence of the conduct of the people of Abascragh than by striking it out of the map of Ireland, and he trusted the Association would agree with him to strike out of the enrollment the names of every inhabitant of Abascragh, except the Catholic clergyman, who, unfortunately, was not in town at the time, or the event would not have occurred. Mr. O'Connell moved the following resolutions, which were separately put and carried:

"That all the inhabitants of Abascragh, whose names were enrolled in their books, should be struck out, except the Catholic clergyman.

"That no inhabitant of Abascragh should be allowed to enroll himself as a member or associate of the Association.

"That it be required in all processions and public meetings of Repealers that the practice of erecting arches be abandoned in future.

"That these resolutions should be transmitted to the Rev. Mr. MacLoghlen, with the expression of the perfect conviction of the Association that if he had been in the town he would have prevented what occurred, and that their confidence in him was unbroken and entire."

Mr. O'Connell has published a letter addressed to Irish Landlords, inviting them to join the Association. In this letter he says:

"The relations between landlord and tenant cannot possibly be suffered to remain as they are. There must be an end put to the wholesale massacre of the clearance system. There must be an end put to the retaliatory associations of agents, landlords, and incoming tenants. The stain of blood must be effaced by obliterating its causes, and that can be done only by an arrangement consented to, and concurred in, by the best class of landlords, and rendered sufficiently protective of the occupying tenants. Nothing can be more absurd than to accuse the repealers of a desire for separation or for revolutionary violence. What we want is to preserve and improve the social state—not to injure it. What we desire is to consolidate the connection with England upon a popular basis—not to sever it."

At the great repeal demonstration Mr. O'Connell made speeches similar to those which we have before quoted, by previous arrivals. We find room for an extract:

"Mr. O'Connell then enumerated the advantages of repeal, not forgetting to intimate that the first step of the Irish Parliament would be to abolish the present Poor law, and to appropriate the £800,000 now derived from church temporalities to the support of the poor, and the establishing of hospitals and houses of refuge, putting an end at once to the poor-houses. Give him repeal and the annual drain of £9,000,000 would be spent at home, while the laborer, instead of looking for employment, would be sought after. (Hear, hear.) Having dwelt on the tyranny of landlords and other grievances, the do-nothing policy of the Government, and on the tottering condition of England. They had arrived, he said, at a crisis which would try their souls, a crisis which would leave Ireland a degraded and pitiful province for centuries, or raise her at once to the dignity of a national independence. While compelling England to do them justice, they had never omitted to warn her that they were agitators with ulterior views, and that what they had in contemplation was the nationality of Ireland. Mr. O'Connell alluded to the myriads of determined repealers who had attended the several repeal demonstrations, observing, that even if England were in a state of perfect prosperity, Ireland now possessed a moral force sufficient to break down every barrier that stood in the way of her independence; but, instead of that, the manufactures of England were declining, and her revenue, notwithstanding the income tax, was diminishing. (A voice, 'More of that to her!') Right! more of that to her, until she did justice to Ireland; and then might every prosperity and glory attend her march. He proceeded to show that the condition of Spain, the offer of support from France, and the well-attested sympathy of America made England very insecure while Ireland was dissatisfied. Nothing but fear kept her at present from attempting to coerce Ireland, for when was she strong that she did not do so? As soon as she found that she could not cut their throats she resolved to bully them, and out came the threat of civil war from Peel and Wellington, who were now neither for coercion, threats, nor civil war, but for doing nothing. The *Times*, too, bullied and blustered, and called the Ministers traitors for not cutting the throats of the Repealers; but now what said that journal? Why, that Repeal was a joke, and the Government, forsooth, were to cut their throats for a joke. (Laughter.) The Whig publication said, 'Let the Irish go on, and they will grow tired.' (A voice, 'They lie!') It was not so easy to tire him at least. (Cheers.) The Whigs said, 'Wait awhile, and when we get into power we'll give you every thing.' Would the men of Galway grow tired to gratify the Tories? ('No, no!') Or would they wait for the Whigs? ('No, no!') They must not then be content with meeting, or with giving a passing cheer; they must work in their respective parishes with a view to make every man a Repealer, and should have as little as possible to do with any man that refused to become one."

Miscellaneous.

THE RIOTS IN WALES continue—being solely devoted to the destruction of toll gates and bars, bridges, &c. It is stated that in some parts of Wales a farmer cannot get home a load of lime for manure, without paying £8 for every £5 load, in turnpike fees! Where no resistance is made no harm is done to anything but the public property. The rioters call themselves "Rebecca and her daughters," and their mode of operation is thus described, at a toll gate in or near Swansea:—A large party, consisting of about two hundred on foot, headed by Rebecca herself, arrayed all in white, and mounted on a white horse, were seen approaching the Betgoed toll-bar. The object of the visit was easily surmised, and the few inhabitants in the neighborhood soon retired within doors. Rebecca advanced to the tollhouse and demanded admittance, which having been given, she directed a few of her troops to carry out the toll collector's goods and chattels to the side of the road, and to protect them from all injury until they had completed the object of their mission. She then gave the word of command for the total demolition of the house and bar, and within five minutes the latter was cut to pieces, the house in ruins, and the whole party in full retreat.

The disruption in the Church Establishment of Scotland is now full and complete. By the last accounts it appears that upwards of four hundred and fifty of the most able ministers have seceded, relinquished their temporalities, and abandoned all connection with the State.

The annual Conference of Wesleyan Methodists, was held this year at Sheffield. Nearly five hundred members were present. The Rev. John Scott was the President of the Conference for the present year.

On the 19th of July, according to previous announcement, the launch of the iron steamer Great Britain, took place at Bristol. She was floated from the dock in which she was built, and as she passed slowly and majestically out, Prince Albert, amid the acclamations of vast multitudes, broke a bottle of wine upon her bow, and christened her the Great Britain.

TEETOTALISM.—The Rev. Theobold Mathew, on account of a dispensation from the Pope to move about according to inclination, unrestricted by episcopal interference or control, arrived at Manchester recently. He has been occupied upwards of nine hours a day in administering the pledge of total abstinence. Up to Saturday evening 18,000 persons took the pledge. On Sunday it was administered to 30,000, and on Monday and Tuesday to 32,000, making in all a total of 80,000 pledged teetotallers in Manchester. Of these there are 4500 infants, 3000 of whom belong to the St. Patrick's district, a part of Manchester principally inhabited by the Irish. During his recent visit to Liverpool, the Rev. Theobold Mathew administered the pledge to upwards of 30,000 persons. After his journey to Manchester, the reverend gentleman returned to Liverpool, where he increased the number of teetotallers to nearly 60,000. He has since paid a visit to the metropolis, privately, for the purpose of making arrangements to carry out more effectively hereafter his plans; and next year he intends, it is said, to visit the United States.

The Dowager Lady Byron (widow of the poet) is now residing at her seat, Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, in a far better state of health than her ladyship has enjoyed for some years past.

THE DESTROYED OPIUM.—A parliamentary return shows that £1,281,911 will be required to compensate the owners for opium destroyed in China, as provided for in the treaty with China.

The cost of the China War is near three millions sterling.

The opposition to the Corn Laws is evidently gaining ground. Mr. John Bright, a leading member of "the League," has been elected to Parliament from the City of Durham, beating Purvis, Conservative, by 488 to 410 votes.

The Pegasus steamer, plying between Leith and Hull was recently lost by striking a sunken rock near the Fern Islands. Of between fifty and sixty persons on board six only escaped.

Continental.

Spain has been revolutionized, and Espartero is a fugitive in Portugal. Narvaez is now Lieutenant General, and the Duke of Baylen Guardian to the young Queen. This almost bloodless Revolution has been promoted, doubtless, by the intrigues and the gold of France. Espartero was known to incline to a Commercial Treaty with England, which precipitated his downfall. It is supposed that there is an understanding between Louis Philippe and the ex-Queen Christina, by virtue of which the King's youngest son, the Duc d'Aumale, will marry the young Queen, and thus cement the alliance of France and Spain. Meantime the Government is penniless, the people factious, and the whole country in a wretched condition.

Other accounts dispute the fact that Espartero has left the country, but all agree that Madrid is in possession of the Revolutionary party, and that a provisional government has appointed a ministry, under Lopez, which has been recognized in the departments as far as heard from. Espartero's forces had commenced a bombardment of Seville.

FRANCE.—The domestic news of France is of little interest. The Belle Poule, with Prince de Joinville and his Brazilian bride on board, arrived at Brest on the 15th ult., a previous report to that effect having been false. The Princess has a liberal dowry in cash and Brazilian lands. She is thus described:—"The Princess has an agreeable expression of countenance; she is young and graceful; her hair is of a clear chesnut color, and she has all the freshness and beauty of her years. Her figure is elegant, slender, and she possesses both grace and elasticity."

The session of the French Chambers closed on the 24th ultimo. They were not expected to reassemble until January 9.

A singular duel was fought in Marseilles on the 10th ult. between two Spaniards. One was a barber; and the other, though a dealer in cigarettes, consented to fight his opponent with his own weapon, a razor. The cigarette man received the first wound, so deeply slashing his face that he was unable to continue the combat, and was obliged to be carried to the hospital, while the barber was taken to prison.

Several strange assassinations have lately been committed in the environs of Paris, and have caused some excitement in that city. The cause of these acts of violence appears to be inexplicable.

On the 12th ult. two churches, a convent of nuns composed of seventeen different buildings, and thirty-seven private houses, were destroyed at Orsel, in Russia, by a conflagration.

A priest named Abbe was condemned to death at Rome, on the 30th ultimo for the murder of his nephew. He has been degraded by the Pope, and will be executed.

INDIA is tranquil, and the British conquest of Scinde is complete. A handsome revenue and great commercial advantages are expected therefrom. Dost Mahomed has resumed the government of Cabul, but not with the full concurrence of the chiefs. There are apprehensions of difficulty at Lahore, when the French generals are required to leave the new Rajah's Court. There has been a dreadful storm in the Bay of Bengal and on the Coast of Coromandel at the Monsoon, and many vessels lost.

From CHINA, there is little of moment. American ships are busy smuggling Opium, and some British are trading in defiance of the authorities. Sir Henry Pottinger is sick, or has been.

Miscellaneous News.

THE FRENCH STEAM FRIGATE GOMER arrived at Pensacola on the 6th inst., from Havana, with the Yellow Fever on board. The purser, assistant surgeon and two seamen had died of it during the trip. The Commissioners for the purpose of making arrangements for the completion of the route of the line of Mail Steamers from France came passengers, and had gone to New Orleans. On their return to Pensacola the Gomer will depart for France by way of the Central American coast, touching at Chagres, Laguyra, &c.

JUVENILE INDUSTRY.—A correspondent in the Greenville (S. C.) *Mountaineer*, says that a white boy in the neighborhood of Cambridge, Abbeville District, not more than twelve years of age, made last year by his own personal labor, with one horse, three hundred and fifty bushels of corn, thirty bushels of wheat, and two hundred and eighty dozen bundles of oats. And from present prospects, he had no doubt the boy would realise more this year than he did last.

FORGERIES.—A young man named Charles S. Billings, formerly a merchant in good standing, at Earlville, Madison county, N. Y., recently absconded from that place with a girl of bad character. After his departure it was discovered that he had imposed about $12,000 of forged paper, upon different banks. Of course he will be overtaken and arrested—for he carried too heavy a load of sin with him to travel fast.

☞ A colored woman called at the house No. 124 West Thirteenth street, New York, on Thursday morning of last week, desiring a situation as cook; the family, wanting a servant in that capacity, hired her. In the course of the day she took her departure, and with it a silver tea set, two dozen silver spoons, five silver napkin rings and napkins, one silver and two gold watches, besides sundry other articles.

VOLUNTEERS.—The Franklin (Attakapas) Banner of the 5th inst. says—"A day or two since, a small boat from Galveston, with seven men, landed on lower Bayou Sale Bay, in this Parish. They said that they were discharged about a week ago, from Commodore Moore's vessel without pay, and were in search of employment in the United States."

☞ A fire at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, on the 7th inst., consumed the store of Mr. J. Rathbun, and the warehouse of J. and L. Wood. The former owned by G. H. Walker. Mr. Rathbun's loss $5000, insured for $3500. Messrs. Wood's loss $2000, no insurance. Mr. Walker's loss $1500, no insurance. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.—The Bangor Whig, states that during divine service in Mr. Peet's Church, Norridgewock, last Sunday, a beautiful bird made its appearance, while the choir were engaged in singing, and joined in giving them some of its "sweetest notes," which part performed, it left the house like the dove from Noah's Ark, through the window.

SPECIE OF THE WORLD.—The entire specie of the world is estimated by Jacobs at $1,900,000,000. In Europe there is supposed to be $1,000,000,000; and Mr. Merrill, of Union, Penn., says, that according to the best authorities, the paper circulation of Europe is fourteen times the specie currency.

MURDER WILL OUT.—A Dr. Bennett, says the Louisville Dime, is now in this city, charged with having a few years since, murdered a gentleman below the falls of the Ohio, and robbed him of some $2200. He was brought from the State of Missouri by a requisition from the Governor.

A NOVELTY.—It is proposed in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, to construct a road from that city to the Falls of Niagara, of plank, after the fashion of several bridges recently constructed in that way in Canada. The cost is estimated at $2000 a mile.

☞ The Lyons, (N. Y.) Express says—"One hundred and one pounds of good butter were made in the months of June and July, from the milk of one cow, owned by Mr. Jedediah Brockway, in this town."

FIRE.—The Mariner's Church building in Portland, Me., was seriously injured by fire on Monday last. The stocks of several store-keepers who occupied the lower stories were damaged to the extent of $5000.

☞ At the recent election held in Louisiana, the voters of that State, by a majority of four to one, decided in favor of a State Convention for the purpose of reforming the Constitution.

☞ A small child of Mr. Jesse Everett, at Cazenovia, Illinois, was poisoned last week by eating percussion caps from a box of them given to it to play with. Death ensued in four hours.

☞ A man with an auger exerts a force of 100 lbs., with a screw-driver, 84 lbs., with a windlass, 60 lbs., a hand plane, 50 lbs., a hand saw, 36 lbs.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Post, says that not less than 150 patents have been taken out for improvements in the churning of butter.

Religious Intelligence.

THE NARRAGANSETTS.—We learn from a Boston paper that the Narragansett Indians recently held one of their religious meetings at their meeting house in Charlestown, Mass, which, as usual at this time of the year, was very fully attended. Many Indians from Long Island were there, and great numbers of white people were present. One of the preachers was from Long Island, another from Newport. The committee of the General Assembly met the tribe at the same place for an interview on the subject of immigration to Green Bay. Their land here, it was said, was poor and exhausted; the land at Green Bay, where their brethren were, was of the most exuberant fertility. The committee had no doubt the assembly would aid such as wished to emigrate, but they did not wish to urge any to go unless they were convinced it was for their interest; and if they chose to remain, the General Assembly would continue to protect them as heretofore. They concluded not to emigrate.

GERMAN CHURCH IN ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Democrat thus describes a portion of the ceremonies at the founding of a German Catholic Church in Rochester, New York. A procession was formed, which marched to the place selected for the erection of the Church, accompanied by the "Irish Volunteers," and the "German Grenadiers." A discourse in English was delivered on the ground, by the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, and another in German by the Very Rev. Alexander Zwitkovics, of Baltimore, Superior of the "Redemptionists" in America. Vollies of musketry were discharged at intervals. After the close of the ceremony the procession, which was very long—consisting of a large concourse of men, women, and boys, bearing banners with crosses, and little girls decorated with flowers—formed again and marched, accompanied by the military, through the principal streets of the city.

FROM THE OREGON MISSIONARIES.—Letters from the Methodist missionaries in Oregon have been received by the society in New York, brought by the Hudson Bay Company's overland mail to Montreal. The dates are to the 1st April last. The prospects of the mission were good, and the mission family were in the enjoyment of health. The Rev. Mr. Frost, one of the missionaries, with his family, had left for the United States, via the Sandwich Islands. Some time in March, Mr. Olly, a member of the mission, a carpenter, was drowned in the Columbia.

THE SABBATH.—The Newark Advertiser publishes a call, numerously signed by respectable citizens in different parts of New Jersey, (at the head of which we notice the names of Chief Justice Hornblower and Governor Pennington,) for a Convention at New Brunswick on the 29th inst., for the purpose of conferring as to the best means of promoting the observance of the Christian Sabbath.

☞ A new and beautiful edifice lately erected by the Protestant Episcopal congregation at Martinsburg, Virginia, was consecrated to the service of God last week under the name of "Trinity Church." The ceremonies of the occasion were conducted by the Right. Rev. William Meade, Bishop of Virginia, assisted by a number of clergymen of Maryland and Virginia.

☞ The Erie Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, closed its session at Fredonia, N. Y., on Wednesday, the 9th instant. This conference embrace six districts, and 150 preachers. Bishop Soule presided over the deliberations of the conference, which was in session seven days.

☞ The large Presbyterian Church on the corner of Madison and Catharine streets, New York, has been purchased by some member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and will hereafter be occupied by that religious body.

☞ Rev. Albert Barnes of this city, has been appointed President of the Theological Seminary at Auburn, N. Y., in place of Dr. Richards, deceased.

☞ The township of New Haven, containing about 16,000 inhabitants, has twenty-three churches, and another is about to be built there.

☞ The corner stone of a new Methodist Protestant Church was laid at Little Georgetown, Berkely County, Virginia, last week.

☞ The corner stone of a new Episcopal church was laid in Washington on Monday.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.
PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27th.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Church of the Epiphany, Schuylkill Eighth and Chesnut streets. Saint Philip's Church, Vine below Eighth street. Saint Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street, below Ridge Road. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Tenth Church, corner of Twelfth and Walnut street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Willow street.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—Clinton Street Church, corner of Clinton and Tenth street. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

MORAVIAN.—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Bread streets.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening, but the Lombard Street Church.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

Latest Fashions.

The Clementine check, or carreau, is a novelty which gives the additional elegance to the plaids. Taffetas d'Italie are much in fashion and vary in their patterns; the prettiest are checked green and Parma violet, or violet and orange, a mixture much in favor this season in every article of dress. For evening dresses the robes opale, cameleon, arc en ciel, are decidedly the most elegant and suitable; the names are derived from the effect produced by a skirt of blue muslin arachnee, embroidered in white, worn over another skirt of pink gauze, which gives the tints above implied.

This style is not only used for dresses, but mantillas, Castellanes, mantelets a la vieille, and echarpes pompadour, are similarly made, and whether trimmed with plaiting of gauze ribbon, tulle festonne, or lace, form elegant fantaisies of the season. Dresses of a more simple description are of poile de chevre or bar ages des Alludes, ornamented with deep flounces or wide biais in a wave; sation stripes on ecru grounds are the most admired.

A new style of make for dresses of cameleon, or opal silk, is with body and skirt open, and laced with braid in the Tyrolien style; the open sides of both body and skirt are edged with a bouillon a la vieille; the sleeves are a la Medicis. Peignoirs of embroidered jaconas, trimmed with ruches festonnés, or of India muslins, with inlets of Valenciennes lace, edged with Valenciennes, or organdys, with almost imperceptible stripes of pink, blue or lilac, tied with nœuds of satinet ribbon, are all to be seen when the weather permits.

For travelling dresses, of country wear, coutil is in favor, trimmed with several rows of narrow velvet of the color of the dress. The capricious changes of the weather render the pou-lessus most useful; they are usually made of silk materials, with wide biais, or guipure of gimp; the more elegant are of muslin, lined with paille or lily silk, trimmed with lace; they have half sleeves, and are confined round the waist by a ribbon ceinture. White mantelets are trimmed with lace and lined with colored crape, which still preserves their transparency.

White is much in favor this season for bonnets, and feuillage is a favorite ornament; a bonnet of paille de riz, with shaded green and white ribbon and bunch of mignonette, is very pretty; shaded rosettes or choux are also used, imitating the rose, formed of ribbon, from the palest tint of pink to the China rose. Crape, lace, tulle, illusion, paille de riz, sewed Leghorns, and fancy straws are all fashionable.

Flowers and feathers are of every variety, but flowers of marabout, with leaves of shaded velvet, panaches zephir, and plumets russes, are the favorite ornaments. The round caps *a la paysanne, a la Rabat, a la Bretonne*, are frequently trimmed with dark ribbons, deep blue or *cerise* shaded.—*London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.*

CAPOTES.—There is certainly no style so becoming to the English countenance as the graceful French Capote, composed of crepe, tulle, or lace. When formed of the latter texture, they are generally lined with straw colored gauze, and trimmed with a drooping marabout, variegated straw color and white; some are finished with voiles and violettes, whilst others, composed of gros de Naples, a plis incines, are decorated with sweet peas, branches of the acacia tree, roses or camilias, tastefully mixed with heaths or the wild broom.

PALETOTS.—Nothing can equal the appearance of these truly elegant appendages to a lady's promenade dress, giving an air of grace and elegance to either a slight or full figure; they are now chiefly composed of Italian taffetas; when made in a color, the lilac is decidedly the most fashionable tint, the waist sitting close to the figure, and fulled at the shoulder, and into the ceinture, opening down the front, the facings and square collar trimmed with black lace; the skirt being sufficiently long to touch the knee, the corners rounded in the front, and ornamented tout autour, with a black lace, which ascends up as far as the top of the corsage, sleeves a l'orientale, tight on the top of the arm, and enlarging on the elbow, where it just covers, and is terminated with a deep fall of lace; a long ceinture of lilac taffetas ribbon completes this truly recherche costume.

CHAPEAUX.—La paille is the order of the day, the paille cousue, paille d'Italie, paille de riz, paille de fantasie, and, in truth, nothing but the paille is now to be seen. Several of those of sewn straw are trimmed with ribbons plaited or fluted, that being the style most generally worn this summer, while being predominant, upon those beautiful pailles d'Italie, which for their fineness and their rarity causes them to be so highly valued, nothing is more elegant than the classical flat plume.

FLOWERS.—Every day produces fresh ones, and certainly nothing can be prettier than the ones of the present season, such as all sorts of bouquets of roses, sprigs of leaves, and the camilla, the bind weed and the corn flower; then again, wreaths of the honey suckle and mistletoe; then again, those light looking wreaths composed of white rose buds, intermixed with sprigs of jasmine, demi guirlande a la medicis, and tufts of geranium, without their leaves, are much in request for the decorating of morning bonnets. The flowers most sought after for those elegant coiffures, called l'Tidette, are the field flowers, and mixed hyacinthes.—*London World of Fashion.*

HEALTH.—How much is expressed in this short word;—and how few set a true value on its enjoyment.

How readily would the high and mighty, when racked by pain, and approaching a premature dissolution, sacrifice all distinctions, and part with all their wealth, to add a few more hours to existence! Ought not this fact induce us to secure, by all means in our power, a good constitution!

This desirable state can now be secured by a steady course of Wright's invaluable Indian Vegetable Pills.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits.*—The public are cautioned against the many spurious medicines, which, in order to deceive, are made, in outward appearance, closely to resemble the above wonderful Pills.

It should be remembered, *all genuine medicine has Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, neatly printed on the sides of the boxes, and that, *if the word Wright's* cannot be found, all is positively wrong.—

☞ *Observe.*—Purchase only of the advertised agents, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, and be particular to ask for *Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday

		Price sold for.
1528 shares	Girard Bank,	5¾a5⅞
565 do.	Wilmington R. R.	12¾a12⅞
113 do.	Western Bank,	41½a41¾
98 do.	Louisville Bank,	80
70 do.	Union Bank, Tenn	34½a35
67 do.	Mechanics Bank,	18⅝
36 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	31½a31¾
50 do.	Planters' Bank, Tenn	57½a58⅛
50 do.	N. O. Gas Bk.	90
14 do.	Kentucky Bank,	62a62⅞
10 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	138
1 do.	Schuylkill Navi. Co.	45
$10,700	City 5's, 1864a67,	103⅝
$200	City 5's, 1859a60,	102⅝
$11,500	State 5's, 1853a64	58¾a51
$10,280	State 6's, 1846, old annual,	57a57¼
$350	State 6's, 1845a46, old,	56
$700	Wilmington 6's, 1855,	81¼a82
$2000	Tenn. Bonds,	81¼a82
$1000	U. States Bank Post Notes,	65
$1000	Wilmington R. R. a 5 f	12⅝
$834	Chesapeake and Del. 6's,	28⅞

New Counterfeits.

National Bank, N. Y. 3's, letter A, pay G. Stevens, June 18, 1843, T. Munn, cash., Jas. Gallatin, president. Durand, Perkins & Co., N. Y., engravers. Paper thick and light, engraving coarse.

Washington Bank, Boston, Mass. 2's, letter A, pay E. Cook, April 6, 1842. Paper thin.

Concord Bank, Concord, Mass. 3's, spurious, signed E. N. Baldwin, E. Smith, prest.

Bank of Rome, Rome, N. Y. 1's, pay W. C. Bouck, Nov. 21, 1842. Engraving poor.

Albany Exchange Bank, Albany, N. Y.
3's, 5's, Pay D. F. Gray, dated July 11, 1843, Noah Lee, cash., G. W. Staunton, prest. Paper white and coarse—engraving imperfect.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Philadelphia Market.

In Philadelphia, the past week, there has been a sensible revival of business. Flour—We notice sales early in the week of good superfine shipping brands at $4,68¾; holders are now asking $4,62½, extra family flour, in a retail way, $4,75a5. Sales of scraped at $4,37½; rye flour, nominally $3 25. Corn meal, $2,62½, with brisk sales. Grain—The sales during the week have been light; we quote Pa wheat 96a98 cts per bushel; rye 56 a58. corn, yellow, 55a56 cts, do white, 52a53 cts; oats, Delaware, 25 cts, Pa 28a30 cts. Hay and Straw—Old timothy 25ca$1 per 100 lbs, new do 80a85 do, mixed 60 a80 cts. Rye straw $6a6,50 per 100 bundles, wheat do $4a4.50. Wool—Prime Saxony 33a35 cts per lb, No. 1 28a32 cts, No. 2 25a28 cts, quarters and common 25 cts, superfine pulled 28a30 cents, No. 1 do 25a27 cents. Wood on the wharves fronting the city, hickory $4.50a5 per cord, winter cut oak $4a4,50, dry oak $3a3,75, pine $2,50a3,25. Mariners' wages with small stores, West Indies and South America $12a13, East Indies $11, coasting $13a14, Europe $14a15.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia—Beeves—719 beeves offered, viz. 130 Kentucky, 60 Virginia, and 529 Penna. Sales of inferior cattle 3½a4½. Fair quality 4½a5c. A few extra fine sold at 5½. 30 left over. 250 of the above cattle were sold at the drove yards west of the Schuylkill. Cows and Calves—317 in market. Sales were made at $10 to 22, extra $27a33. Springers $8a14. Dry cows $5a10. Calves $1,25a2,50. Hogs, 150 offered. Sales at $4a4½, all sold. Sheep—1370 sheep in market. Sales at $1,12½ a1,40, extra $2,50a3,25.

New York, Aug. 21.—At market, 1000 beef cattle, fresh, 250 from the south and west, 40 cows and calves, and 2300 sheep. Prices, beef cattle, sales uniformly at $3,50a4 to 5,50 for retailing qualities, with a few extra at $5,75. Cows and calves all taken at $10 to 20a 25, which is a decline on the poorer qualities. Sheep and Lambs—All at market taken at $1a2 to 2,75 for sheep, and $1a2,12½ for lambs.

Brighton, (near Boston,) August 14.—At market 380 beef cattle, 10 pairs working oxen, 15 cows and calves, 2500 sheep. Prices—Beef Cattle. First quality $4.25 a4.50, second quality $3.75a4.25, third quality $3a3.50. Working Oxen; sales at $55, 60 and 78. Cows and Calves; sales at $18a27. Sheep; lots were sold at $1 to 2.

Baltimore, August 19.—Beef Cattle—The offerings were nearly 600 head, many of which were quite inferior and sold at under $4, while the better descriptions brought $4.75 per 100 lbs. Hogs have advanced, and sell at $4 to 4.25; transactions mostly in a small way.

Richmond, Aug. 17.—For cattle on the hoof, $4 to 4.50 are the general prices. Veals $2 to 6, according to quality. Mutton $1.50 to 2.50. Lambs from $1 to 2, according to quality.

Trade and Business.

New York, August 21.—Ashes—We hear of sales of 400 bbls pots at 4,31¼, and 75 bbls pearls 5,31¼a5,25. Flour—Our market has improved about 12½ cts per bbl since the news of the steamer Hibernia from Liverpool on Saturday. The freight for about 10,000 bbls has been engaged for Liverpool at 1s. 9da2s. and a good portion of that quantity purchased at $4,94a5. Mostly at the latter rate for Genesee. 600 bbls good brands Ohio brought $4,94a5; 500 barrels Georgetown for export to West Indies has been sold at 5,12½ on time, with interest. Rye flour is in fair demand at 3,25 for Jersey; Brandywine corn meal $3 in bbls, and Jersey 2,75a2,87½. Grain—A cargo of new N. Carolina wheat is on the market unsold. We do not hear of any sales of North Carolina rye, 68a68c is a fair quotation. Holders of corn are firm and prices rather tend upward for a good article; sales of 2000 bush New Orleans from store at 55c weight, 4000 bush northern 58c measure, 2000 bushels southern 55½c measure. Hay—300 bbls brought 42c. Hemp—65 bales American has changed hands at $85. Provisions—The market is firm and improving. 500 bbls mess pork sold at 11,37½, 1000 bbls prime $10 and 300 bbls do at a trifle over 10; 200 bbls mess beef $8,25. Nothing done in smoked or pickled meat.

Baltimore, August 22.—Flour—Limited sales of new were made this morning from store at $4,75 for good mixed standard brands. Holders now ask the same price. The wagon price is $1,50. Sales to-day of about 2500 bbls city mills flour at $4,87½. That price is now generally refused. Sales of small parcels of Ohio flour at $4,75. Grain—We quote good to prime red wheat at 95a100 cts, and ordinary to good at 80a95 cts. There have been no lots of strictly prime reds at market. A sale of a lot of prime white wheat at 105 cts. Sales of white corn at 48a50 cts. Md rye is worth 52 cts. Sales of oats at $4a24 cts.

Savannah, Aug. 19.—Cotton—The sales of the week reach 182 bales Upland, at 5a6½c; and 2 bales white Sea Island at 20, and 3 bales stained do at 5c per lb. Rice—A light supply and fair demand. Exports of the week 485 casks, viz. New York 335, Baltimore 150 casks. Sales 366 casks at $2½a2¾ per 100 lbs. Freights—No vessels up for foreign ports. Coastwise, New York, cotton, 50c per bale; Boston, cotton, $1 for square, and $1¼ for round bales, rice 62½ cts per cask. One vessel loading for Philadelphia with rice at $1 per cask.

Richmond, August 21.—Tobacco—The accounts to the 4th inst. by the Hibernia steamer, are quite unfavorable for inferior descriptions of tobacco, and lugs and inferior leaf are selling lower. Lugs at $1,70 to 2½, general sales $2,10 to 2,30, inferior leaf $2¾ to 3½, common leaf $3½ to 4½, good 5 to 6½, fine shipping $6½ to 8½, fine manufacturing 8 to 10½. Wheat was selling at 95c to $1 per bushel. Corn 55 to 57½, oats 25 to 30, and flour, city mills, $7¾, canal, from new wheat, $5.

Boston, August 12.—Flour—The market is dull and prices are on the decline. Genessee good common brands are selling at $5a5 06, Michigan $4,94a5,06, Philadelphia $4,88a4,87, and Ohio of good quality $5a5 12 cash, Georgetown $5 25 cash. Fredericksburg $5 cash, and Fredericksburg extra eagle $5 per bbl 4 months. Grain—Sales of southern yellow flat corn at 59c, and western from store and vessel, white, 52a55c.

At *New Orleans*, on the 12th instant, the trade of the city was unusually limited. The fever was slightly on the increase. In cotton, the sales were extremely limited, and prices without change. Flour ranges from $4 to 4½ for Ohio, and $4½ to 4¾ for Missouri. In pork, lard and bacon nothing is doing. Whiskey 20 to 21 cts. receipts large. In other respects markets are as last quoted.

At *Cincinnati*, on the 19th, flour was selling at $3,68; whiskey 17½ cts. There was more inquiry for barrelled meats and bacon. Hams, uncanvassed, at 4½ cents and shoulders at 2½ cts, the hogsheads being paid for extra in both cases.

At *Buffalo*, on the 16th, wheat was plenty, and was sold at 88 to 92 cts. Sales of flour had been made at $4.31, though the fair quotations is about $4½. Corn 37 to 40.

Charleston, August 19.—Cotton—Total amount of the week's sales, 1351 bales, at 7a5¾. Rice—The sales of the week have amounted to 1040 bbls at $2 11 16a$2¼.

HEALTH OFFICE, AUGUST 19, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 12th to the 19th of August.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	24	49
Asphyxia,	1	1	——Lungs,	1	0
Casualty,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	2	1
Croup,	0	1	——Lungs,	1	4
Cholera Infantum,	0	17	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	1
——Morbus,	2	0	——Bladder,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	0	——Peritonæum	1	0
Convulsions,	0	9	Malformation,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	1	3	Marasmus,	0	4
Dropsy,	0	1	Old Age,	4	0
——Head	0	4	Palsy,	1	0
Disease of Head,	0	1	Scrofula,	0	1
——Stomach,	0	1	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Drowned,	0	1	Still Born	0	7
Dysentery,	4	2	Softening of Brain,	1	0
Debility,	0	1	Ulceration of the Bowels,	0	1
Fever,	1	0	——Leg,	1	0
——Remittent,	1	0	Unknown,	3	0
——Scarlet,	0	2	Whooping Cough,	0	1
——Typhus,	1	0			
——Typhoid	0	1			
Hemorrhage Umbilical,	0	1	Total, 112—	41	71
Carried over,	24	49			

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 3 from the country, and 14 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock
Aug. 13,	74	78	82
14,	75	81	81
15,	75	80	84
16,	72	77	81
17,	73	80	81
18,	76	84	84
19,	75	80	[illegible]

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail, for the Post*, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the U. S. S. Post from the 9th to the 23d August.

August 9, received from			
S. Lucas	$2 00	H. Graham	33 00
A. R. Forsyth	2 00	T. Severn	27 80
M. Bemiss	1 00	G. Githens	2 00
J. Clemins Jr.	1 25	R. Morris	2 00
W. Lorah	2 00	J. Rottsell	5 00
August 10.			
A. S. Naudain	2 00	C. Griswold	2 00
H. Hammond	1 50	G. Null	2 00
J. Tyrell	2 00	H. A. Fithian	1 00
J. & J. McGrew	1 00	Elizh. W. Ridgway	2 00
Dr. Cook	2 00		
August 11.			
J. J. Crane	2 00	C. J. Sutter	50
L. Smith	2 00	S. S. Lines	2 00
E. P. Scantland	2 00	Dr. C. Roberts	6 00
Asaph Kirk	2 00	W. G. Conrow	6 00
J. Allen	1 25	J. Hatch	4 00
P. G. McFarlin	2 00	W. Johnson	5 00
P. M. Thorp	2 00	W. Wordsell	13 00
D. Howland	2 00	J. Cramer	1 00
R. S. Foote	2 00	E. Stratton	4 00
R. Gardner	2 00	W. Wight	73 00
J. Margatts	2 00	E. C. Acuff	2 00
B. Andrews	2 00	H. Vaughan	5 00
W. C. Parker	4 00	H. R. Merseilles	9 47
August 12.			
J. Albertson	2 00	L. S. Lane	2 00
J. Rex	5 00	A. B. Lynde	2 00
D. Johnson	19 50	H. Lawrence	2 00
C. Dilworth	5 00	C. G. Granger	2 00
G. Morris	5 00	J. Safford	2 00
G. Hulme Sr.	2 00	T. Downes	2 00
C. Suplee	1 00	A. Nimpson	4 00
H. B. Chapman	2 00	W. C. Stewart	2 00
W. Tage	2 00	W. H. Scott	1 50
C. W. H. Owings	2 00	F. A. Collins	1 50
S. D. Lecompte	5 00	G. Zerter	12 00
J. T. Freeman	2 00		
August 14.			
W. Camin	2 00	J. McCallister	10 00
N. Alexander	1 00	D. E. Smoke	2 00
H. Stoll	2 00	W. Birckhead	5 00
Patterson & Hemphill	2 00	J. L. Corse	2 00
W. Hoyle	2 00	J. Jordan	1 00
J. Shideler	2 00	M. Mendenhall	2 00
J. Linton	11 25	A. Gawthrop	2 00
J. Baird	35 00	C. H. Deal	5 00
August 15.			
W. H. Phelps	2 00	Rev. J. Ashbrook	5 00
Z. S. Harding	2 00	D. Straughan	5 00
I. Scott	2 00	C. L. Willets	2 00
J. Hyde	2 00	W. Taylor	13 20
W. A. Pierce agt.	100 00	N. Johnson	2 00
August 16.			
G. G. Hatch	1 50	W. Hoskins	2 00
J. Rodney	2 00	A. Foust	2 00
W. M. Berryhill	1 25	T. J. Baker	75
L. L. Holcombe	2 00	J. B. Lancaster	2 00
I. Doolittle	2 00	M. Boulemet	37 50
J. H. Everly	3 00	E. Smith	2 00
Jabez Capps	2 00	H. Perrock	2 00
J. Gay	5 00		
August 17.			
H. Garrettson	1 50	J. W. Rawlinson	2 00
O. Lewis	75 00	G. W. Evilith	1 00
Z. Glass	2 00	J. W. Morris	5 00
W. K. Armstrong	2 00	R. J. Bell	2 00
L. W. Rodgers	2 00	W. Meteor	2 00
R. Carson	2 00	J. Drowe	2 00
H. Stein	2 00	J. F. Atwood	2 00
J. Marcy	2 00		
August 18.			
H. J. Goodwin	5 00	J. Tomlin	6 00
W. Brook	1 00	D. Taft	2 00
H. S. Ashley	10 00	G. Shaffer	2 00
J. Woods	2 00	W. V. Adams	20 00
August 19.			
J. C. Mctiee	2 00	U. S. Maul	2 00
W. M. Conrad	4 00	Capt. L. De Leelhorst	2 00
E. Fassett	2 00	A. D. Hepburn	6 00
L. Smith	2 00	H. D. Thorn	2 00
J. M. Smith	2 00	R. Morton	2 00
A. Case	2 00	J. Schoaley	1 50
Asa Haile	2 00	A. H. Woodward	1 50
W. W. Drinkwater	5 00	E. Yarnall	2 00
T. Wilson	2 00	C. Baumgarden	2 00
Witten Cecil	2 00	W. W. Stephens	2 00
E. Barton	2 00	A. Yerger & Co.	12 00
J. C. Lewis	2 00		
August 21.			
J. Downes	50 00	W. Aldrich	2 00
J. Regnier	2 00	A. Wendell	2 00
J. L. Righter	2 00	J. A. Terrell	2 00
W. C. Frye	10 00	T. A. Graham	2 00
H. R. Laufley	5 00	P. Hayes	2 00
B. L. Mead	2 00	T. Corr	4 00
Wales Hine	2 00	T. R. Durkee	1 50
D. M. Dare	3 00		
August 22.			
E. M. Pyle, M. D.	2 00	C. Bossler	2 00
S. Morton	2 00	J. W. Luff	4 00
C. P. Stevens	2 00	S. Mackall	5 00
J. L. Caldwell	2 00	M. Eichelbarger	4 00
B. C. Warmsley	2 00	S. Garvin	5 00
M. G. Gentry	1 00	V. N. Sneeth	30 00
R. Corbett	2 00		

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—This unrivalled preparation has performed some of the most astonishing cures of diseases that are recorded in the annals of history, thus proving conclusively that it is capable of fulfilling the high aim and purpose for which it is designed. Patients suffering for years from various chronic constitutional disorders after trying different remedies, spending thousands of dollars in travelling and doctoring, and suffering all that human nature is capable of enduring, have by the use of a few bottles entirely recovered their health.

REMARKABLE CURE OF HIP DISEASE.
New York, July 28th, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gents: My daughter, aged 6 years, was attacked with the hip disease when two years old, and since then she has been growing gradually worse until recently, and her suffering, at intervals, was most painful to behold and baffles all description. The head of the hip bone was thrown entirely out of place, after which matter or pus formed in the socket of the joint, and for many months in succession, she was entirely deprived of all natural rest. She was reduced to a mere skeleton and very often exclaimed—"Oh mother! I wish it may please the good Man above to take me to himself!" It was my fervent prayer her sufferings might be terminated, and my anxious fears removed.

The Almighty has promised to be with us in six troubles, and in the seventh he will not leave us nor forsake us, if we put our trust and confidence in Him; and truly I can say it has been verified in the present case. Through his blessings and your instrumentality my child lives—yes is restored to perfect health, and is a living monument of the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. We had tried all the remedies within our reach, had the bone once set, had it blistered and purged, without effect. She commenced the use of the Sarsaparilla in April last, and in less than a week there was an evident improvement—a discharge came on from the hip joint, and in a few days it commenced healing, and in less than two weeks was entirely closed. During the time of using the Sarsaparilla she passed large quantities of worms, which aided materially in hastening the cure. She rapidly improves in health and strength, her appetite increased, and she is now entirely restored, and wholly so by the use of your Sarsaparilla.

With the grateful feelings of a mother's heart and father's joy, we subscribe ourselves your friend.

WILLIAM S. BAILEY.
SARAH BAILEY.
No. 386 Fourth street.

We, the subscribers, being neighbors to William and Sarah Bailey, know the above statement in relation to their child and the cure performed by Sands' Sarsaparilla, to be strictly true.

WILLIAM POWERS.
JOHN MYERS.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. SANDS & Co. Druggists and Chemists, Granite Buildings, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers street, New York.

Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. THOMPSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets; by Dr. D. JAYNE, 20 South Third street, and by F. KLETT & Co. corner of Callowhill and Second streets, and FREDERICK BROWN, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, authorised agents for the proprietors.

Sold in Baltimore by Dr. J. A. Reed, corner of Gay and Saratoga street,
" " Richmond, Va., by A. Duval & Co.
" " Norfolk, by Santos & Co.
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" " Mobile, by Moseley & Co.
" " Cincinnati, by G. P. Thomas & Co.
" " Cleveland, by H. J. Gaylord & Co.
" " Utica, N. Y., by J. E. Warner
" " Albany, by A. Guthrie
" " Boston, by Smith & Fowle, 138 Washington street
" " New Bedford, by W. P. S. Caldwell.
" " Providence, R. I., by C. Dyer
" " Petersburg, Va., by Anderson & Co.
" " Alexandria, D. C., by Wm. Stabler & Co.
" " Washington, D. C., by S. Parsham

And by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Price $1 00 per bottle—six bottles for $5. aug 26 eow 3m

☞ The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is SANDS' SARSAPARILLA that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

STAMMERING CURED, AND ELOCUTION TAUGHT.

DR. COMSTOCK'S Vocal Gymnasium, 4th street above Chesnut, (entrance by Hanster Place) will be opened on Monday, the 4th of September. Ladies and gentlemen who desire instruction, either for the cure of *Stammering, Lisping*, or *Defective Articulation*, or for improvement in *Elocution*, may learn the conditions of

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.
No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.

COMSTOCK'S ELOCUTION.

Just Published.—A system of Elocution, with special reference to Gesture, to the Treatment of Stammering, and Defective Articulation, comprising numerous Diagrams and Engraved Figures illustrative of the subject, by Andrew Comstock, M. D., Philadelphia. aug 26 3t

HOVER'S INK.
From the Cincinnati Gazette.

HOVER'S INK.—This is good Ink. We have tried it and find it to be excellent. Persons in the habit of writing know that good ink is a very good thing; that one cannot write well, or write easily, unless the ink flows freely through the pen. This does so. We think it equal to any ink we have ever tried. Messrs. Phillips & Reynolds, corner of Main and Fourth streets, have on hand a large supply of it for sale.

From the Trenton, N. J. "Emporium and True American."

HOVER'S FINE BLACK INK.—We take pleasure in recommending this excellent article. It is made by Mr. Joseph E. Hover, No. 101 North Third street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Mr. Charles Scott, of Trenton. It is highly recommended by many business men, and, in our opinion, is not equalled by any article of the kind now manufactured.

For sale at No. 101 NORTH THIRD Street, 5 doors below Race, (east side,) Philadelphia, by
JOSEPH E. HOVER, Manufacturer.

☞ Also, for sale at the office of the United States Saturday Post, number 66 Chesnut street, at the manufacturer's prices.

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 44 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House.

OVID F. JOHNSON.
ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. J. has removed his Office, as New Jersey Commissioner, from No. 62 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10 ly

ALMANAC.

August, 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
26 SATURDAY,	5 24	6 36	2 37	
27 SUNDAY,	5 25	6 35	3 31	D. H. M.
28 MONDAY,	5 27	6 33	4 25	
29 TUESDAY,	5 28	6 32	5 20	
30 WEDNES.	5 29	6 31	6 17	First 2 6 19
31 THURSDAY,	5 31	6 29	7 16	Full 9 11 48
1 FRIDAY,	5 32	6 28	8 15	L'st 18 1 44
2 SATURDAY,	5 33	6 27	9 11	New 26 9 22

Married,

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Winter, of Roxborough, Mr. JOB POTT, to Miss HANNAH HALL, both of Manayunk.

On the 20th inst. by the same, Mr JOHN R FARRAR, to Miss BARBARA A. SHOUTER, both of Frankford.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. R. M. Newton, Captain BENJ. MCMERTRIE, to Miss ELIZABETH J. SPOONER, both of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, PEYTON B. W. COOKE, of Cincinnati, to ANNA P. daughter of J. Sarchet, of this city.

On the 17th inst. at Bass River, Burlington county, N. J. by the Rev. Wm. Hanley, Mr. NATHAN MOORE, of Philada. to Miss ELVIRA ELIZA, daughter of William Allen, Esq. of the former place.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, JOHN W. PATTON, to CATHARINE L. daughter of the late Capt. Zilia W. Hellum, of Bordentown, N. J.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Laughlin, Mr. JOHN MILLER, to Miss ELIZABETH CLOTHIER, all of Kensington.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. E. Souria, Mr. AARON VANATTA, to Miss MARY A. CARPENTER, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 18th June, by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, JOS. H. INGLIS, of Philadelphia, to REBECCA EVANS, of N. Jersey.

On the 20th April last, by the Rev. O. Douglass, EDWARD KENNEY, to ELIZABETH M. ORR, both of Southwark.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. WM. PHILLIPS, to Miss SUSAN LLOYD, of Delaware.

On the 17th inst. in Lancaster city, by the Rev. Mr. Gerry, JOHN W. WILSON, of Spring Garden, to Miss SUSANNAH R. BRYSON, of Lancaster.

Died,

On the 23d instant, Mrs. JUDITH ROWLAND, wife of Benj. Rowland.

On the 22d inst. BERTHENIA D. FISHER, infant daughter of Frederick S. and Grace Fisher, aged 16 months and 6 days.

On the 22d inst. WILLIAM COLLINS, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 22d inst. FRANCES ANN, daughter of Jas. and Mary A. Roatch, in the 11th year of her age.

On the 22d inst. SARAH COCHRAN.

Suddenly, on the 21st inst. Mr. FREDERICK LEIS, in the 44th year of his age.

On the 22d inst. of scarlet fever, JAMES HENRY, son of Cornelius and Lydia Goodwin, aged 4 years.

On the 17th inst. JOHN HART, only child of Dallas A. and Rebecca W. Kneass, aged 2 years and 1 month.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. SUSANNAH M. MURCH, in the 62d year of her age.

On the 15th of the 7th month, of cholera infantum, FRANCES REGINA, infant daughter of Benj. and Ann L. Haines, aged 2 months.

On the 19th inst. Mr. GEORGE BECK, aged 25 years.

Drowned, on the 18th inst. HENRY W., eldest son of Henry W. and Pamela R. H. Barnes, aged 12 years and 2 months.

On the 21st inst. Miss JANE MAXWELL, aged 53 years.

On the 21st inst. CORNELIUS J. O. KEEFE, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. MARGARET DICK, infant daughter of James and Elizabeth Dick.

Suddenly, on the 20th inst. Miss MARY A. MILLER, aged 19 years.

On the 19th inst. of pneumonia, Mrs. LYDIA, wife of Mark Grigg, aged 27 years.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. CATHARINE FERGUSON, relict of the late Alexander Ferguson, in the 48th year of her age.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. JULIA A. WATSON, aged 57 years.

On the 20th inst. MARY, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth M'Donald.

On the 19th inst. JAMES IRWIN, a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

On the 20th inst. DAVID MANDEVILLE, aged 79 years.

On the 7th April, PHEBE HILL, wife of Sullivan Hill, of Philada., in the 69th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. MARGARET CARRIGAN, aged 81 years.

On the 18th inst. JAMES EDWIN, son of Jas. and Isabella Wilson.

On the 18th instant, EVELIN, only daughter of Enoch Thorn, Jr.

On the 18th inst. MARGARET CHRISTIANA, daughter of Margaret and Edward Smith.

On the 17th inst. PEMUNAH, widow of the late John Calahan, aged 70 years.

On the 17th inst. HENRY STOY, Jr. aged 27 years.

On the 19th inst. JEREMIAH, son of Clark Goldsmith, aged 13 years.

On the 18th inst. SUSAN L. wife of J. T. Ricketts, and daughter of T. Wattoon, in the 30th year of her age.

In Salem, N. J. on the 16th inst. Mrs. JANE HALL, relict of Wm. Hall, Esq. in the 89th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. ALICE, youngest child of Wm. Todhunter, aged 10 months and 18 days.

On the 16th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. MARY TORRENCE, in the 58d year of her age.

On the 20th inst. MARY, wife of Stephen G. Chase, aged 34 years.

On the 17th inst. ELLEN A. CANNON, daughter of Mr. John M. Cannon, in the 17th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. SOPHIA MARKLAND, widow of the late Capt. John Markland.

On the 18th inst. THOS. ROCK, infant son of Wm. W. Rock.

In Washington city, on the 9th instant, RICHARD T. JACKSON, in the 18th year of his age, son of Wm. B. Jackson, formerly of Prince George's county, Md.

On the 12th inst. ROBERT, son of Robin and Rachel Carey, aged 16th months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 26th, 1843.

MAINE.		Harrisburg,	2½ dis
Calais bank,	10	Middletown,	2 dis
Agricultural bank,	—	Carlisle,	1½ dis
City bk. Portland,	—	Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Damariscotta,	—	Northumberland,	par
Mercantile bank,	—	Miners bk at Potts.	2½ dis
Stillwater canal bk	—	Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	3½ dis
Bangor Com. bank,	—	Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
Westbrook bank,	—	Towanda,	80 dis
Citizens bank,	—	York,	2½ dis
Globe bank,	—	Gettysburg,	2½ dis
Washington co.	—	Chambersburg,	1½ dis
Frankford bank,	—	Waynesburg,	4 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Brownsville,	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Erie,	5 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Berks county bank,	75 dis
VERMONT.		Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bank of St. Albans,	3	Bk Susquehanna co.	30 dis
Bk. of Bennington,	20 dis	Lewistown,	2 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Lum. at Warren,	no sale
MASSACHUSETTS.		West Branch bank,	30 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	**MARYLAND.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		Baltimore banks,	½ dis
All solvent banks,	¾a1	Patapsco banks,	1 dis
NEW YORK.		Mineral bank,	1 dis
New York City,	½ dis	Fredericktown,	1 dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud	Hagerstown,	1 dis
North River Bank'g Co.	do	Westminster,	1 dis
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do	Williamsport,	1 dis
Globe Bank,	do	Cumberland,	2 dis
Wool Growers bank,	failed	Salisbury,	5 dis
Millers bk of Clyde	25	Franklin bank,	20 dis
Far bk, Seneca co.	30	Susquehanna,	broke
Com bk. New York	2½	Millington,	broke
Lafayette bank,	—	Frederick County bk	1 dis
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	—	Broken bks.	various prices
Dry Dock bank,	1	Balt. Ohio R R notes	10 dis
N. Am. Trust Co.	—	**DELAWARE.**	
Bk. Buffalo,	10	Bank of Delaware,	par
Lewis Co.	50	Wilmington and Bran.	par
Com bk. Buffalo,	50	Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
All solvent banks,	¾a1	Union bank,	par
Country banks,	1 dis	Bank of Smyrna,	par
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters.	Broken	**DIS. OF COLUMBIA.**	
		Washington City,	½ dis
		Georgetown,	½ dis
		Far. & Mechanics,	½ dis
		Alexandria,	½ dis
		Bank of Alexandria,	broke
		Mechanics bank,	broke
		Franklin bank,	no sale
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud	Merchant's bank,	do
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do	**VIRGINIA.**	
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do	Bk of Va & branches,	½ dis
Red Backs,	1 dis	Farmer's bk & brchs,	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		Valley bk & branch,	½ dis
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par	Ex. bk & branches,	½ dis
Princeton bank,	par	Wheeling,	2 dis
State bank at Camden,	par	Wheeling post notes,	2 dis
Cumberland bank,	par	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Mount Holly,	par	All solvent banks,	1½
Salem Banking Co.	par	Small notes,	3
N. Hope D. Bridge,	½ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Tren. Banking Co. old	par	All solvent banks,	1½
New plate,	par	Small notes	3
All other banks,	par	**GEORGIA.**	
Farmers and Mechanics		Bank of St. Mary's	3
Bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale	Ocmulgee,	—
Hobo bking & G Co.	broke	Monroe R. R.	
Washington b'king Co.	do	Columbus,	
Franklin bank,	do	Phenix bk	
Jersey City bank,	do	Exchange bk	
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do	Chat. R. R. bank	
Protec. and Lombard,	do	Central bk. of Mill.	
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do	Georgia R. R. Co.	
State bank at Trenton,	do	Ruckers. Bkg. Co.	
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do	All solvent banks	2a3
Mec. bk Patterson,	do	**ALABAMA.**	
PENNSYLVANIA.		All solvent banks	17 dis
Philadelphia banks,	par	Small notes,	20 dis
Man. and Mec. bk	par	**OHIO.**	
Moyamensing bank	par	Cincinnati,	2 dis
Penn Township bank	par	Bank notes,	2½ dis
U. S. Bank notes,	35 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Girard do.	15 dis	Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
Penna. do.	par	State bank	62½ dis
Germantown,	par	**KENTUCKY.**	
Del. co. at Chester	par	Notes,	2 dis
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par	Small Notes,	3 dis
Montgomery county,	par	**LOUISIANA.**	
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par	All solvent banks	
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
Easton,	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
Lancaster co. bk	1½ dis	**INDIANA.**	
Northampton,	no sale	All solvent banks	3½ dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis	**FLORIDA.**	
Fa. bk. Lancaster	½ dis	S'n Life & Tr. Co.	
Lebanon,	2½ dis	**CANADA.**	
		Montreal	5

Exchange on New York ½ dis a ¼ prm.
" Boston,
" Baltimore ½ dis
Specie, par
Country Relief Notes, 3½ dis
City Relief Notes 7½ dis

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Gems from the Poets.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

BY MARY TIGHE.

Injured, hopeless, faint, and weary,
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,—
Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst he lies;
Death, with deep despair assails her,
Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
Wild she rushes from the sight;
In the agonies of dying
Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor, abandoned soul! look up,
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the angel of the Lord
Comes thy great distress to cheer;
Listen to the gracious word,
See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee,
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
From thy dream of woe awake thee,
To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
Sparkling mid those fruitful trees;
Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction,
God hath seen and pitied thee;
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
Thou henceforth his care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race!
By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting place."

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate;
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee, in thy abject state.

O'er thy empty pitcher, mourning,
Mid the desert of the world;
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished pleasures hurled:

See thy great deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain;
Bids thee on his love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mist dispelling,
Lo! the well of life he shows;
In his presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing,
Open to thy hopes secure;
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

Selected Tales.

FROM THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Daffydowndilly was so called, because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best, affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly, he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom, with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy, whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class, who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil, and that he was resolved to find some place in the world, where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again. "Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand, that he should get along through the world much easier, by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone-wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make haste while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but a little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter!"

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gaily dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front, marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music, that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice, which had spoken to the soldiers, sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword instead of a birch rod in his hand! And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by-and-by, they came to a house by the road-side, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil; and those who have known him best, think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well; thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there! He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is—there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that the little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

The Humorist.

LEGAL WHISKERS.

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat,
Talking of this and then of that,
Two wights well learned in the law,
That is, well skill'd to find a flaw,
Said one companion to the other,
"How is it, most respected brother,
What you of late have shav'n away
Those whiskers, which for many a day
Had ornamented much your cheek!
Sure, 'twas an idle, silly freak."
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave,
"Though others be by whiskers grac'd,
A lawyer can't be too barefac'd."

☞ A fellow who was considered "rather soft" speaking the other day of the many inventions and improvements which had been made by the present generation, exultingly wound up with, "Well, for my part, I believe every generation grows wiser and wiser—for there's my father, he know'd mor'n my grandfather, and I believe I know a leetle more than my father did." "My dear sir," said a bystander, "what a fool your *great grandfather* must have been!"

☞ It takes Yankees to outbrag all creation. A jockey at a late race in England, asked an American if we had such swift horses in our country. "Swift!" said Jonathan. "Why, I guess we have—I seed a horse in Baltimore on a sunshiny day, start even with his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat!"

☞ A travelling merchant, alias a pedlar, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Five shillings, sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a piece." "Why didn't you remain in your own dear country then?" "Cause we have no sixpences, my jewel!"

☞ A few years ago, a couple went to a country church to be married. When in the course of the marriage service, the minister asked the bridegroom in the usual form, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he coolly answered: "To be sure I will: I'm come o' purpose."

☞ "I really cannot sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to an empty fop. "I am rather inclined to believe, madam," rejoined he with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments." "No, sir," exclaimed the lady, "I never fish in such a shallow stream."

☞ In Belturbet churchyard, Ireland, was the following inscription: "Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived they would have been buried here."

☞ What a curious being a Printer is. He *stands* when he *sets*, and *sets* when he *stands*, and when he wishes to *act* with ease he always *stands* erect. It is, however, the nature of the *case* which causes him to *stand*.

☞ A Belfast paper says: "The partnership which has been carried on between the undersigned, Hugh Hannah and the *late* Robert Halliday, merchant, has been this day dissolved by *mutual consent*."

☞ "Papa, the temperance men say they put logwood in port wine. Is that what dies your nose so red?" "Nonsense, my boy, go to bed."

☞ Foote being scolded by a lady said, "I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*—you are the *cream* of the one and the *flower* of the other."

☞ Why are some ladies the very opposite of their mirrors? Because the one reflects without talking, and the other talks without reflecting.

☞ "Ain't it wicked to rob this henroost, Jim?" "That's a good moral question, Sambo—hand down another pullet."

☞ There is a man in Vermont who sneezes so hard that every time he commences he pitches a somerset.

☞ The Albany Microscope describes a fellow who has such a long nose that he can't hear himself sneeze!

☞ Wilson, of the Planters Banner, tells an anecdote of a young Irishman who recently underwent an examination at Opelousas, preparatory to the practice of law. "Suppose," said one of the legal gentlemen, "a man had stolen a sheep in St. Mary and was taking it to St. Landry, could he be prosecuted for it in one of the intermediate Parishes, if arrested?" "Yis," said the candidate for legal honors. "Give us your reasons," said the lawyer. "Why," said Pat, "because the law considhers, that *he was stayling of it all the way*." He was allowed to pass.

☞ We were amused with a remark that we heard in the street last night. "Helloo, Bill!" said a fellow to one of his tipsy companions who was standing against a lamp post, "is that *your post*?" "Not exactly," said the tipsy one, "but I have a *lean* upon it."

☞ Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That's rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

☞ A grocer of Cincinnati was recently mulcted in $50 for kicking a man, named *Bung*, out of his store. The defendant remarked that he thought it hard he should be fined for using his foot as a *Bung starter*.

☞ A clergyman being complained of by another, for drawing away his parishioners on a Sunday, made this reply, "Feed your flock better, then they won't stray?"

☞ Why are ladies like stage-drivers? Because their first object is to secure the *male*.

From the Monthlies.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR SEPTEMBER.

YSLA DE CUBA.

(A MOONLIGHT PANORAMA—SKETCHED FROM THE FORETOP-SAIL YARD.)

BY A POOR SCHOLAR.

Now sleeps the night on Ysla Cuba's shores!
Now sleeps the broad deep gulf that circles them!
And the cold moon a flood of silver pours,
Down on a scene that heart could not condemn!
Sleeps Cobre crowned with purple diadem!
The Lomas San Juan are bathed in sleep,
Robed, couched on downy cloud! Sleeps many a gem
In coral caves where Cuba's willows weep!
Oh! 'tis a lovely land—and Eden of the deep!

On green savanna horse and herd are sleeping—
No fold save the broad canopy of night,
And but the moon her lonely vigil keeping!
Herdsman and rancho sleep in her pure light!
It falls on fruit and foliage, cold and white—
Streaming in picture through the orange bower,
A mellow flood, so beautiful and bright,
That ope the petals of the half-closed flower,
Mistaking for the morn the midnight's moonlit hour!

And many a fair Cubana now is sleeping—
The soft light through the gilded reja beaming,
The moon's pale messengers their revels keeping,
On bosom ne'er disclosed to mortal seeming—
Her dark yet brilliant orb no more love gleaming,
Like to the buried jewel, sleeps beneath
The curtain of the soul—while haply, dreaming
The soul exists not there, but wandereth
Far from that beauteous clay! or strays it but in death?

Oh! that the mocking fiend should ever come
To dim the beauties of this lovely isle!
Yet it is even so—this joyous home,
Whose skies are ever radiant with a smile,
Where all the day sweet song and dance beguile
The circling hours, is the home of death!—
Not now—the fiend is resting from his toil,
And o'er the grave, fair flowers have formed a wreath!
That grave shall be re-opened by Autumn's fevered breath!

Yet there's no clime where deeper blue the skies,
Studded and stereotyped with brighter stars,
Than over Ysla Cuba—like the eyes
Of her fair daughters, sunset rarely mars
The lustre of their beauty—her sky wears
Its sweetest smile by night—see where the moon
Is gushing down on yonder Olivares
In mellow flood! how plentiful the boon
Of her soft trembling light! 'tis clear as northern noon!

Gleams the blue vault with astral isles of light!
Gleams the blue ocean mirroring each star,
Daguerreotyping worlds! two skies unite
On the horizon's circling edge afar!
High o'er the south—the land of Bolivar
A snow white cloud with purple border gleaming
Floats softly on—like to the fabled car
And harnessed cygnets of the goddess seeming—
Bright as the beam of bliss that halos virtue dreaming.

Gleams the broad Llana—the lone Loma gleams!
Here the cabana—there the casa gleaming
Through groves of lime, where sweet aroma teems,
Loading the zephyr! all so fairly seeming,
That we forget 'tis real—the soul deeming
Those brilliant fields the fair inheritance
Of man beyond the grave, and lost in dreaming,
We fondly yield to the delicious trance—
Nor wakes a single sound to mar its rich romance.

Silent the cerra—silent the savanna—
Silent the city sleeps! gleam on the sight
Matanzas—Honda—Guadelupe—Havanna
Bathed in the flood of magical moonlight!
Droops the broad banner on the Moro height!
All—all is silent, save the mockbird's tune,
Or shriek of pelican in heavy flight
Across the bosom of the lone lagoon—
The reaver's outcast home—hold of the dark maroon!

Gay Life.

SARATOGA.

A LETTER BY N. P. WILLIS.

I think it is some thirty miles from Albany to Saratoga, and we did it at the respectable leisure of five hours—rather more time than it formerly took on wheels. True, we did not "devour the way" as we used to do, and it was a comfort to arrive without a lining of dust in one's mouth, but I missed the blowing of the horn, the chirrup and crack of the whip, with which we used to dash through the sandy hollow of Congress Spring and pull up at Congress Hall, and I missed the group in the portico, and the greetings and the green vines, and I missed—alas, *for all the misses of the past!* The cars stop in the rear of the "United States," and the out-stretched arms of that newer caravanserai, in the shape of two yellow wings extending to the depot, embrace you as you come to the ground. My friends were all there, and Congress Hall was down hill, in fact and in figure of speech, and casting poetry and the past behind me I rattled to the rising sun and took lodgings with the Marvins. The Ex-President was there, with the thirty or forty pounds of flesh that would not be recognized by the Presidential chair, and from five to six hundred of his former subjects sat down with him to dine. Mr. Van Buren has stuck to the "United States" till fashion has gone over to him, for he frequented the house when the belles were on the other side of the street. Whether in the dance of politics, the democracy "*chassez* across," and leave him on the fashionable side, remains to be seen.

I had not been at "The Springs" for some years, and between the changes in the place and the changes in myself, I was, for a while, (as the French charmingly express it) *desoriente*. In the times that were, a gentleman, on arriving at Saratoga, made his submission to one or two ladies, in whom was vested the gynocracy of the season—the mother of a belle or an ex-belle well preserved, or some marvellous old maid, witty and kindly. Through this door, and this only, could the society of this place be reached, and to this authority the last appeal was made in all cases of doubt and difficulty. The beaux and belles conformed and submitted, exchanged hearts and promised hands, and drove and danced, and fished and picnic'd, in obedience to this administration—Coventry the dreadful alternative. There were fashionable old bachelor beaux in those days who were the masters of ceremony, and there were belles, upon whom, individually, was concentrated the beauty now distributed in small parcels over the female population of a state. Every girl is tolerably pretty now. Everybody is, to the extent of his natural capacity, a beau. There is no authority higher than every young lady's mamma. Sent to Coventry by one party, you may stay "at court" with another. Flirts are let flirt without snaffle or martingale. Fortunes are guarded only by the parental dragon. Nabobs and aristocrats are received upon their natural advantages without *prestige* or favor, and everybody knows everybody, particularly if not from the same city. Having been happiest myself under the old *regime*, this agrarian anarchy somewhat offended me; and the more perhaps, that among the company at the "United States," naturally secluding herself somewhat from the crowd, is one of the *concentrations* of the beauty of ten years ago—a most magnificent woman whom that lustrum of time has passed over as lightly as a night's sleep.

Still there is beauty at Saratoga—enough, indeed, for all purposes of dreaming or waking. The ball at the "United States" on Friday evening was exceedingly brilliant, and at the concert of Castellan on Saturday, when the more serious beauties of Union Hall were added to the assembly, the large saloon was thought to be very thickly spangled with loveliness. At this last-opened hotel, by the way, they have introduced family prayers at nine o'clock, and at another less-frequented house they give you with the dinner—little differences which seem to classify the patronage very effectively. This is the great season of Saratoga, more persons being now at the different hotels than were ever recorded in any previous season. I must not omit to mention the charming improvements by Mr. Clark in the gem of a valley above Congress spring, (by walks, shrubbery, &c.,) nor the elegance of Marvin's grounds and embellishments at the United States—a superb hotel, indeed, in all its appointments.

This is "hop-night" at the Astor, and among the crowd of ladies in the house are a few on their return from Saratoga. The beaux tire of "The Springs" sooner than the belles, and in Broadway yesterday I saw a thick sprinkling of the desirables. Indeed the weather has been temperate enough to make the city agreeable, and the southerners prefer enjoying Niblo's and the comfortable hotels, when the thermometer ranges below ninety. The boats down the river are very full just now. I came down from West Point in the Empire on Thursday, and found her crowded with presentable company; and with the elegance of the saloons and decks, looking very drawing room-ical and gay. There is a great deal of gammon in the reasons given for going and for not going to the Springs; and it is the fashion now for those who are not there to ascribe their absence to a horror of the letter-writers, as if any would be mentioned at all by those immortality bestowing gentry, who did not, by flirting and display, show an appetite for notoriety, and in a crowd, too, quite as promiscuous as the reading public! It would surprise a believing Judeus, after listening to the indignation current in the saloon of Saratoga in the evening, on the subject of penny papers to do with what eagerness they are read the next morning, and with what manifest pleasure each lady mentioned shows to her admirers the paragraph percent. That such letters as I refer to are a very great evil no man who respects the delicacy of private life can doubt; but one half of the mischief, at least, lies in the unwomanly passion for notoriety to which they minister.

Those who linger longest at Saratoga, are the families of resident New Yorkers, their return to town being the return to the solitude of a house to themselves. For "mineral waters" read "society in large doses;" and the real object of attraction is as easily found at the "Astor" or the "American" as at Saratoga. The sea air of Rockaway may stand for a tenth of its attractions, and the other nine parts stand in the necessity of some accessible resort in the neighborhood of the city, which shall supply to the New Yorkers what the hotels (as a sequel to the Springs) are to travelling strangers. From about the twentieth of this month to the first cool weather, Rockaway will be thronged with excellent society, mostly from this city; and there is a nucleus of half a dozen of the most delightful women in any country; summering there regularly; three admirably lively and accomplished ladies of one family the leading constellation. It is a part of the commonplacery of fashionable chat to foot at the crowd, and wish for more suitable privacy; but it is amusing to observe what a difference of opinion there seems to be between the feet and the tongue of the fair exclusive. The belle at Saratoga rises at six and walks to Congress Spring. The ostensible object is to drink the waters, which she might have in quite as salutary a state by ringing the bell of her apartment. The platform around the Spring is crowded with fashionables; and, elbowed and stared at rather freely, and complaining of both very feelingly, she remains in the crowd till breakfast,—solitary walks of the most shaded coolness though there be, hard by and accessible. She breakfasts with five hundred persons, and from the table comes to the drawing room, where she promenades, and is elbowed as before, till eleven. At that hour she goes with a party to the bowling-alleys, where she amuses herself till the dressing-bell for dinner. And after dinner she mingles in the full-dress crowd once more till tea-time, (with, perhaps, the parenthesis of a drive with a party to the Lake,) and, from tea-time till midnight she is in the same crowd, and goes to bed late to get up again early, and so, burning her candle at both ends, finds Saratoga enchanting. But it is not the less "dreadfully crowded," and "horibly mixed."

The music at Saratoga was one of its pleasures to me. The band plays at the spring from six to eight in the morning, and the morning hours, (anacreontics to the contrary notwithstanding) are the part of the day when the senses are most acutely sensitive to pleasure. If I am to see a fine picture with a clear eye, or read a piece of poetry with the subtlest appreciation, or listen to the sweet divisions of music with the nicest and most interpreting ear, or hear a deep found thought of love, friendship or philosophy, give it me in the early morning of midsummer. The perturbed blood flows evenly, and the perceptions have settled over-night like a roiled well; and, (if in temperate health,) the heart is softer and more susceptible. To express a plain pact poetically—the marble lid is lifted from the fountain of tears at that hour, and though the waters do not "well forth," they are open to the dropping in of those pearls of attendant angels—love, beauty and music. Yet "before breakfast" is said commonly to be the *prose* of the day.

One hour of music after dinner is made tributary to the smokers. The ladies and the tobacco eschewers are out of its reach in the drawing room, but the papas and the inveterates bring their chairs out to the grassy area of the "United States," and smoke under the shade, listening to the German band contentedly and contemplatively. And that is a very pleasant hour, and taken advantage of by those who, like myself, find comfort in the ellipses of conversation.

As to the living at Saratoga, no reasonable person would expect a comfortable dinner, sitting down with five or six hundred persons. The meats cold in the spreading. But, to those who are drinking the waters, any check upon the appetite is not unsalutary, and, for the *gourmet*, the Lake House, and one or two other resorts in the neighborhood, offer game and fish dinners in compensatory perfection. I went over to Barhyd's dark lane, the scene of the loves of the lustrum gone by, and found it looking neglected and forsaken. The old Dutchman is dead, and his quiet successors look out with repelling surprise upon the gay and intruding visitors. It has ceased to be frequented.

I saw at the engraver's yesterday a portrait of Halleck, engraved for Graham's Magazine, which exceeds anything I have before seen, as a worthy and truthful representation of a poet. It is to be published in the September number, I believe, and is one of the well-conceived series of portraits in progress of publication in that magazine. The keen, joyous analytical gusto which gives such a "sauce Robert" to Halleck's poetry is admirably conveyed in this picture, and a more faithful likeness was never drawn. The original is by Inman.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

BY L. P. HARVEY.

Written on viewing an Engraving of Sawkill Falls, representing that splendid cataract with the surrounding scenery, and an Indian, seated on a rock below the fall, gazing in wonder upon this stupendous exhibition of the Almighty's power.

"For what is our life? It is a vapor, which appeareth for a little time—and then vanisheth away."—*Bible.*

The Indian sat on the moss-grown stone,
In the wild and lonely wood
And the red man heard the lessons taught
By the forest and the flood.

He read His power, in the craggy rock
Which the waters had cleft in twain,
Who pours from His hand the leaping flood,
Or the drops of the pattering rain

A mist rose up from the foaming stream,
And sported awhile in the wind—
The Indian saw and marked its course,
With the eye of a soaring mind.

He saw it climb to a towering limb,
And there to a clear drop grow;
It hung awhile in the sun to gleam,
Then fell to the flood below.

He said, as he thought on the pearly drop
And then on the dashing flood,
"The spirit has written His power and mind,
To be read by the man of the wood."

"This stream, as it leaps o'er the craggy edge
Sweeps on in its strength and might,
And He has a power which none withstands
While His ways are beyond the sight—

While man, like the little vapory drop
That hung on the oaken bough,
But sports awhile in the light of life—
Then falls to his grave below.

* * * * * *

Many have sat on the moss-grown stone,
In that wild and lonely wood,
But few have learned the lesson taught
By the drop and the dashing flood.

The Farmer.

THE HEN AND KITTENS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A few weeks ago I was at the residence Mr. Barney, pastor of the Congregational Church in Seekonk, R. I. He invited me into a little shed, and there showed me a very extraordinary example of animal instinct. It was a hen bringing up a litter *of four kittens*. In all respects, so far as they could receive it, she gave them the same attentions as she would her own brood. She scratched vermin and other things for them; called them to partake; she clucked for them, and brooded over them night and day, as they had need. It is true, they could not enjoy the food thus offered for them, neither could they follow her in her wanderings as chickens would do.

The little things lived as do other kittens, by sucking their real mother puss. They obtained this privilege by the assistance of friends, or in the occasional absence of the hen. When the hen was present, puss could not come nigh her kittens, for though she was much stronger than the hen, yet she shrunk as many larger animals do, from her noisy threats.

Occasionally, in the absence of the hen, puss would come and steal her kittens, and carry them by the neck to another place, to oversee them herself. But very soon the hen would find them, and take possession of them as before.

You are doubtless all enquiring how this happened. I asked the same question, and was told that puss had her nest near the hen while she was sitting upon her own eggs. When the cat first left her kittens alone, the hen hearing their infant voices, probably supposed them to be her own. She therefore left the nest, with her eggs unhatched, and took possession of the nest of kittens. Having first *pitied*, she next *loved* them, and continued to watch for their welfare.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

BY PHILOX.

I love the farmer's quiet life—
His peaceful home devoid of strife,
With gay contentment bless'd.
I love the virtues of his heart,
Which peace, and joy, and love impart
Around his tranquil rest.

I love the bloomy hills and dales,
Their healthful winds, their odorous gales,
Untainted with disease—
I love the tales, and legends old,
By white-haired sires at twilight told,
Mid scenes of shadowy ease.

I love the labor and the toil,
Which clothe with beauty Freedom's soil,
Where tyrant never trod!
And when each task from turmoil free,
Great God, is sanctified by thee,
And consecrates the sod.

I love the scenes of social mirth,
Which brighten round his evening hearth,
With joy unmingl'd, replete—
Where friendship's smile and love's sly leer,
Are seen thro' joy's transparent tear,
And true friends only meet.

I love whate'er the seasons bring—
The flow'rs that blush—the birds that sing—
Eve's low Eolean breeze—
The vernal smiles—the summer's charms—
The Autumn's fruits—and winter's storms,
All charm in their degree.—*Maine Cultivator.*

QUINCE BOUGHS at this season exhibit dead leaves. The small twigs on which these appear should be cut off and cast into the fire, for they contain small worms under the bark. You can kill the worms in no other way that we know of so well as by cutting off the small limbs—now is the time—that is, the first foul day.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

THE FARMER INDEPENDENT.

Of all the conditions of men—and I have mingled with every variety—I believe in truth that none are so independent as that of an industrious, frugal and sober farmer; none affords more the means of contentment and substantial enjoyment; none, where the education has not been neglected, presents better opportunities for moral and intellectual improvement; none calls more loudly for religious gratitude; none is suited to give a more lively and deeper impression of the goodness of God. Some years since in the most rugged parts of New Hampshire, among its craggy cliffs and rude and bold mountains, I was travelling on horseback, and came suddenly upon a plain and moss-covered cottage in the very bosom of a valley, where the brave settler had planted himself on a few acres of land, which alone seemed capable of cultivation. Every thing about the residence bespoke industry and care. Being fatigued, I stopped to ask refreshments for my horse. A hale young girl, of about fifteen, bareheaded and barefooted, but perfectly modest and courteous, with all the ruddiness of Hebe, and all the nimbleness and vigor of Diana, went immediately for an armful of hay and a measure full of oats for my horse; and then kindly spread a table with a cloth as white as the snow-drift, and a bowl of pure milk and brown bread for his rider. I never enjoyed a meal more. I offered the family pay for their hospitality; but they steadily refused, saying that I was welcome. I was not willing thus to tax their kindness, and therefore took out a piece of money to give to one of their children that stood near. "No," said one of the parents, "he must not take it; we have no use for money." "Heaven be praised," said I, "that I have found a people without avarice. I will not corrupt you;" and giving them a hearty thank-offering, wished them God's blessing, and took my leave. Now here were these humble people, with a home which, if it were burned down to-day, their neighbors would rebuild for them to-morrow—with clothing made from their own flocks by their own hands; with bread enough, and beef, pork, butter, cheese, milk, poultry, eggs, &c., in abundance; a good school for six months in the year, where their children probably learned more, because they know the value of time, than those who were driven to school every day in the week, and every week in the year; with a plain religious meeting on Sunday, where, without ostentation or parade, they meet their neighbors to exchange friendly salutations, to hear words of good moral counsel, and to worship God in the most simple but not the less acceptable form; and above all, here were hearts at peace with the world and with each other, full of hospitality to the passing stranger, uncankered by avarice, and undisturbed by ambition. Where upon earth, in an humble condition, or in any condition, shall we look for a more beautiful example of true independence, a brighter picture of the true philosophy of life.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

The Old World.

WEED'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

This great Metropolis has been strangely maligned, in regard to its climate, or we have been strangely fortunate in our visit; for, instead of the smoke, vapors, fogs and rains, which we had been taught to dread, we have enjoyed a genial atmosphere, a bright sun, with occasional but refreshing showers, for five successive days.

London, like the Cataract of Niagara, is constantly growing upon the wonder and admiration of strangers. I am just beginning to be conscious of the impossibility of comprehending its wealth, its magnitude and its magnificence. Ride four hours, in whatever direction you please, and the same evidences of golden conquests are presented. All the nations of the earth must have been paying tribute, for centuries, to London, or these untold and incomputable millions could not have been concentrated here.

I was wondering this morning how much "Provant" was required to furnish this army of people with rations. An inquiry shows that 1,500,000 quarters (eight bushels) of wheat are required annually to supply London with bread, that 120,000 tons of fish are caught here (of which 45,000 tons are fresh salmon) annually; the annual consumption of butter is estimated at 40,000,000 lbs., and the price varies from 1s. to 1s. 6d., or from two to three shillings our currency. Of meats I can get no estimate, but there is brought annually to Smithfield Market alone, 180,000 oxen, 450,000 hogs or pigs, 1,350,000 sheep or lambs, and 25,000 calves; of milk, it is said that 11,000 cows supply the metropolis with 8,030,000 gallons annually, at an average price of 1s. 10d. per eight quarts. Eggs are sent here in great quantities, in crates, by water, from Ireland, Belgium, Holland and France, and sold sometimes as low as 1d. per dozen, but generally from 1s. to 1s. 6d. Hogs are fatted here in the yards of breweries and distilleries, for while every thing of the grain kind is *called* "corn," that product is not grown here. Hams sell at 7½d., shoulders at 6d., and smoked side pork at 5d., in the retail stalls and shops. This is just double the price with us.

Everybody drinks BEER in England. I have astonished waiters, in two or three instances, by asking for water. When you seat yourself at table in a "Coffee-Room" or "Steak-House" for dinner, and have ordered your "joint" or "steak," or "chop," the waiter inquires, "*Hale*, porter, or stout, sir?" If in place of either of those national beverages, you reply *water*, he either laughs in your face or turns away wondering where such a wild chap could have been caught. Now that I have seen something of English habits, I am astonished that Miss MARTINEAU should have deemed the circumstance that two or three American women with whom she met, were "not all for love, but a little for the bottle," worthy of remark. The drinking of hale, porter and stout, is universal here, with the females of the poorer classes, when they can get it, and with those of the better classes of mechanics, females, people and shopkeepers. While at dinner at Birmingham, it was observed by all of us, that the ladies (a dozen) at table, drank porter as if they were thirsty, and as if it did them good. The lady opposite to me, who was well dressed and well educated, disposed of nearly an entire bottle. You meet ladies at every turn of the streets of London, "the rubric of whose faces shows the shrines at which they kneel." I have met ladies at Exhibition Rooms, whose fiery faces entitled them to the distinction of being classed with Shakspeare's "knights of the burning lamp." And you find every side-walk blocked up with lusty ladies, who are indebted for their rubicund faces and rotund persons, to habitual beer drinking. I yesterday sat in an omnibus with an old lady and gentleman, evidently of the wealthy class, the latter of whom was a victim to gout, while the former displayed a face and nose, the maintenance of which had cost as much as Falstaff paid for "sack" to keep Bardolph's salamander in fire.

We went last night to the Adelphi Theatre, where the leading attraction was "The Wizzard of the North," whose wonder-working powers of magic, if we may believe the show-bills, have procured for him a command to repair to St. Petersburgh to exhibit before the Emperor Nicholas. This man is indeed a "wizzard." The delusions practised cast Monsieur Adrien, Signor Blitz, and all other magicians into deep shade. Let me astonish you with a few specimens. He came into the boxes and obtained a five pound note from one gentleman, and asked another (any one who chose) to write a sentence upon a slip of paper. The note and paper were folded so that that the wizzard could not see either the number of the bank note or the sentence upon the other, and then laid upon a plate, set fire to by a taper, consumed, and the ashes blown about the stage. The wizzard then announced the number of the Bank Note, repeated the sentence on the slip of paper, and a page returned these articles to the owners in a box which the wizzard had not touched. He then handed a box to a gentleman nearest the stage, and requested him to deposite any article he chose in it, and to pass it around for similar deposits by ladies and gentlemen promiscuously, he standing upon the stage. When the deposits had been made, he requested that the box should be placed where he could see it, with the lid down, and standing at least sixty feet from it, he named every article which it contained. He requested ladies and gentlemen to loan him their handkerchiefs, which were thrown to him from all parts of the theatre. When collected and counted, to the number of seventeen, they were placed in a large ewer, into which a servant poured a large bucket of water. Having been thoroughly saturated, the handkerchiefs were rinsed and wrung, and then spread, one by one, into another vessel, upon each one of which some blazing magical elixir was poured; and within five minutes the handkerchiefs were placed upon a salver and returned to the owners washed, dried, ironed, folded and perfumed! And all this was done openly, without turning away from the audience, and without any of the lumbering accompaniments of ordinary jugglery.

We devoted the morning to the pursuit of what is classic ground to Americans, and what had for me the additional interest of professional associations. We found, at No. 34 Lincoln's Inn Fields, the building occupied eighty years ago, I believe, by Mr. Watts (I have no books to refer to,) and with whom Benjamin Franklin worked as a Journeyman Printer. It is now occupied for offices of various descriptions, by persons too busy to know or care who was their predecessor. We then started for Duke street, where the Journeyman Printer from America boarded, and remembering that it was near a Chapel, I stepped into a small Book and Stationer's Shop directly opposite a Chapel, to inquire if the occupant could direct me to Dr. Franklin's boarding house, when I had the satisfaction of learning that I had crossed the threshold and stood under the roof that sheltered the illustrious American Statesman, Patriot, Philosopher and Philanthropist. He boarded with an old widow lady, of much intelligence, and occupied an upper room in the back part of the building. The landlady of Dr. Franklin and a lady still older, who had a room in the same house, were very devout Catholics. This happens to be the character of the present occupants of this house. I observed a young man "reading proof," and remarked that I was glad to find a brother Type under the ancient roof of the great master of our art. The Bookseller replied, as you are an American, sir, I may say to you that we are trying to carry out Dr. Franklin's principles in another respect. We are now re-printing an American work entitled "Ireland Vindicated," and we are staunch "Repealers." I informed him that I was with Mr. O'Connell when the Trades of Dublin passed his house and on the stage at Donnybrook Green. This led to many inquiries about Ireland, and an invitation to attend a Repeal Meeting in that street at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening.

I intended to have gone from this spot through the Mammoth Brewery House of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins, but there was so much dampness and humidity in its capacious vaults, which were not likely to alleviate the [illegible] in my face, that I concluded to content myself with an exterior view of an establishment which covers thirteen acres in the heart of the city of London! Well might Dr. Johnson have exclaimed, as he did, when (as the Executor of Mr. Thrale, the founder of the establishment) he played the Auctioneer:—"We do not offer you, gentlemen, these empty beer butts and barrels merely—here are the potentialities for acquiring wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." H.

Choice Selections.

A GHOST AT NOON.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The day was dark, save when the beam
Of noon through darkness broke;
In gloom I sate, as in a dream,
Beneath my orchard oak;
Lo! splendor, like a spirit, came,
A shadow like a tree!
While there I sate, and named her name,
Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat with fear;
I look'd around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
Though all that was I saw;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears,
She mourn'd her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
Like gather'd flowers half blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose, which she had set,
Was fated ne'er to bloom!
The thrush proclaimed, in accents sweet,
That winter's rain was o'er!
The bluebells throng'd around my feet,
But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
Awake to thought again?
A voice of comfort answers me,
That God does nought in vain:—
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave?

PUNCH'S FRUIT AND FLOWER SHOW.—There was a fruit and flower show on Saturday night last in Lambeth Walk, at which the attendance was very numerous. The stalls were brought forward several feet into the carriage-way, and were brilliantly lighted with a preparation procured from the fat of sheep, which is placed round a species of white material that is grown in America.

Among the fruit, the prize was obtained by an exhibitor whose gooseberries were so fine that a pint and a half went to a quart—which was the result of forcing—that is to say, forcing in the bottom and the sides of the measure so as to contract the space in the internal cavity.

The second prize was awarded to a peck of peas; so fine, that though little more than half a peck, they completely filled the measure. This achievement was the result of a peculiar treatment of the peas—a plan in some respects similar to the modern system of agricultural chemistry—for there had been a large application of mint and some other leafy substance, which had the effect of causing the peas to swell out, so as to fill the measure.

Among the flowers we observed nothing very particular. The finest show was in a window of a chemist, where we observed some camomile flowers in great perfection, and in a considerable quantity.

AMERICAN ICE AND YANKEE CLOCKS.—Brother Jonathan pushes a profitable trade in every article within his grasp. A recent letter from London says: "I see in the shops here placards and signs for the sale of *American Crystalized Ice*. I understand our ice brings a very high price, from its hard and bright appearance—the English ice being light, porous, and dingy in appearance. Another article I would recommend to the notice of Sam Slick, which is American Clocks. The following story I relate for the benefit of the Nova Scotia Judge. A friend in the country wished me to see an English cottage, and took me to one of a modern structure. The mistress of the cottage had been a servant in the great house near, and on her marriage her master had given her a 'musical clock,' which was most highly prized. So the clock was set to play its music, on hearing which I thought the sound was not unfamiliar, and then the clock itself looked as if I had seen it or its fellow, and on examining the inside of the case I found the agents' card, 'Sperry & Co., Bowery, New York'—a genuine Connecticut wooden clock, and the 'musical' part was merely the ordinary striking part, which is furnished, you know, with a spiral steel wire, in place of a bell. I have not seen any wooden nutmegs."

DIGNITY OF LABOR.—In early life, David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labor, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honorable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labor is man's natural condition, and most favorable to bodily health and mental vigor. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer, that when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who by their previous occupation had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honorable who earn their own living by their own labor.—*What David Did; by Rev. T. Spencer.*

COMING IN FASHION.—We happened, a few afternoons since, to call at the shop of one of our mechanics and found him engaged in manufacturing a lot of—what do you think kind reader? pianos? no—sofas? no—lounges? no, none of these—but a lot of those good old displacers of pianos, rocking-chairs, lounges and the whole class of time-killers, *y'clept spinning wheels.*

On hinting that we thought that these good old relics of an industrious age, were entirely out of the fashion of these modern times, he answered us that our Wisconsin Farmers' girls were fast bringing them in vogue again. Well done! Our country and climate are well adapted for the growth of wool and many of our farmers have already large flocks of fine healthy sheep; when their wives and daughters commence enlivening their homes with the merry music of the wheel we are sure that they are in a course of industry and economy which will both dispel the gloom and remove the cause of "*hard times*."—*Southport American.*

ON THE FALLING OF BLOSSOMS FROM FRUIT TREES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The world doth lead us captive,—so our thoughts
Are not in sympathy with the sad heart
Of the sweet blossoms as they fall to earth.
The Apple mourneth for her perished wreath,
And the young Almond maketh the grass-mound white
With her lost wealth. Leaning against her prop,
The Peach lamenteth o'er her pallid babes,
Dead at her feet.

Lift up your voice, ye birds!
From your cool nests, or on the soaring wing,—
And comfort them. Tell of the time of fruit,—
When this brief season shall be turned to joy.
Sing of the Master's goodness, when he comes
To gather in his treasures. Bid them hide
In cheerful Hope, the darkness of this hour,
And lend their fragrance to the ingrate winds
Since God remembereth them, and will restore
Beauty for ashes.

Higher lift your strain,
Minstrels of Heaven! and ask the stricken tree,
If their frail blossoms fell not in the tomb,
Where would the harvest be?

FORGOTTEN ARTS.—The ancients were undoubtedly in possession of many secrets which have perished with them. Cleopatra's celebrated dissolution of the pearl in vinegar, which she *drank*, is beyond the power of modern chymistry. The reduction of the golden calf, by Moses, into potable powder, was another effort of the wisdom of Egypt, to which we have made but some doubtful approaches. The Tyrian die, which, according to Pliny, was of the color of our oriental amethyst, has escaped us. The invention of malleable glass, perhaps the most curious and useful legacy to the comforts of posterity, is distinctly stated by Pliny, Petronius, and Diodorus. In the invention of gunpowder, we have been anticipated by the remote antiquity of the Indians and Chinese. The actual recipe for its composition, and the manufacture of a rocket, are detailed by Marcus Græcus in the eighth century. The only grand invention to which the modern world can lay claim, is printing, and this was borrowed from the Chinese.

SHORT SENTENCES FROM GOOD THINKERS.—Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

A mother-in-law's sermon seldom takes well with an audience of daughters-in-law.

Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters.

God is better lodged in the heart than in great edifices.

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by defeat.

Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

That man has too high an opinion of himself that is only afraid of thunder and of earthquakes.

Losses are insufferable to those who are not accustomed to lose.

TIMING IT.—A minister in the Highlands of Scotland, found one of his parishioners intoxicated. The next day he called to reprove him for it. "It's very wrong to get drunk," said the dominie. "I ken that," said the guilty person, "but then I dinna drink as meikle as ye do!" "What, sir! How is that?" asked the other with surprise. "Why, gin it please ye," continued the other, "dinna ye aye take a glass of whiskey and water after dinner?" "Why, yes, Jemmy, to be sure, I take a little whiskey merely to aid digestion." "And dinna ye take a glass o' whiskey toddy every night before gang to bed?" "Yes, to be sure I just take a little toddy at night to help me sleep?" "Weel," continued the parishioner, "that's just fourteen glasses a week, and about sixty every month. I only get paid off once a month, and then if I'd take sixty glasses, it would make me dead drunk for a week, now ye see the only difference, ye *time it* better than I do!"

SINGULAR WILL.—An English miser, J. Pleach, lately died in London, leaving the following:—"I give and bequeath to my nephew, my old black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece, the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath, to each of my sister's grand-children, one of the little earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed." The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may easily be imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a way by no means flattering to him, and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug, her legacy, a kick which broke it in pieces, when lo! a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy, and the flannel waistcoat and little earthen pots were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to cause them an agreeable surprise.

THE FOLLOWING extravaganza is from that neat, little sheet *y'clept* the Green Bay Republican. It is pretty good. There is a place in Michigan where the Fever and Ague is ten per cent below par. We heard it stated recently, that a poor ox in the street would lean against a fence a few moments to rest, and then stand out and shake till all was blue again. It is also feared the Wheat Crop will be a failure, as the heads are shaking off! In an adjoining town, containing a Whig and a Democratic Printing office, the Editors have entered into an armistice while the sickly season lasts. Their editorial articles have dwindled down from a column in length, to a single square and rarely that. The reason is plain. If they endeavor to climb the rainbow of sublimity, a fit of the Ague shakes them off quicker than a hen on a hot gridiron, and thus they lose all their ideas! Poor fellows! they inhabit a rare country.

BUSINESS.—A gentleman called yesterday morning at the counting house of one of the iron merchants of this city, to purchase fifty tons of pig iron. In the course of the negotiation, the merchant was led to inquire to what purpose the iron was to be applied? "To make weights for Yankee clocks." "Why, what can you do with so many clocks?" "They are shipped to England." Think of that! *Fifty tons* of iron for clock weights, each clock, requiring probably, less than five pounds. We saw it stated some time since in an English paper that these clocks were being introduced into the manufacturing districts of Great Britain, and almost every workman was becoming the owner of one of them.—*U. S. Gazette.*

CROMWELL'S BONES.—Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming, and undertook a Hercules labor and lifelong wrestle. His wages, as I understand, were burial under the gallows-tree near Tyburn turnpike, and his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed curses and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgeworth road, near Tyburn turnpike, at this hour. We believe there is no Tyburn turnpike now, but the bones of Oliver rest beneath the mile post on the Park side of the way, which serves as the Lord Protector's tombstone.—*Carlyle.*

A WARNING.—A gentleman in Scotland who had found it difficult to save his grounds from depredation, and had painted "Man traps, and spring guns" in vain, hit upon the following expedient. Procuring an odd human leg from the royal infirmary, he had it dressed up in a stocking, shoe, and buckle, and sent it through the town by the town crier, who exhibited it aloft in public view, proclaiming that it had been found that night in Mr. Walter Ross's grounds at Stockbridge, offering to restore it to its disconsolate owner. After this no one ever attempted to break into his grounds.

NEVER enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor. It was formerly the custom of Physicians to use a sand-glass instead of a watch, in counting the pulse of their patients. Dr. Cullen used to carry his in his large skirt pocket. It was twice as large as the sand glasses of modern times, and resembled in shape the uncouth chronometers occasionally seen on old tombstones.

The Olio.

CHINESE LOVE SONG.

Oh daughter of the great Ching-Chow
Whose eyes like Kasan diamonds glow,
And will thou love thy Fa-Fe-Fum,
My sweet, my lovely Ho-ang Ho!

The swans their downy plumage lave,
Where Lano's wandering waters flow;
But, can the swans of Lano's wave
Compare with thee, my Ho-ang Ho!

Six moons have travell'd thro' the skies,
And softly gleam'd on Kiang-O,
Since first thy beauty met my eyes,
Light of my soul, my Ho-ang Ho.

Oh, when I clasp thee to my breast!
Chang-fee, to whom the nations bow
Shall not be half so truly blest,
As Fa-Fe-Fum and Ho-ang Ho.

PRETTY GOOD.—At a meeting of the survivors of a blow-up on one of the Western waters, when the report was, as usual, concluded "that no blame could be attached to any one of the officers of the boat," when the fact was that the steam had been crowded as well as the boat, a Yankee submitted the following resolutions in addition:

Resolved, That nobody's to blame but the biler.

Resolved, That the biler know better than tew "go on a bust."

Resolved, That we reckon it got just about what it deserved for blowin' up in such a scowrageous manner.

THE LOVER'S ALMANACK.

When Sally frowns, 'tis wind and rain,
When Sally smiles, 'tis fair again.
Blooming Spring sets on her face,
Warmer summer on her lips.
Her hair is Autumn's waving sheaves,
But where are then its falling leaves?
They never, never dare appear,
Whilst Sally, blooming Sally's near;
But when she's gone they strew the ground,
And Winter blusters all around.

LABOR SAVING MACHINE.—A Dutchman, in the neighborhood of the Poor House at Richmond, Va., has constructed a water-wheel, driven by a little brook in that neighborhood, which is just sufficient *to rock a cradle*, and to that duty has he put it. When the baby is disposed to seek the arms of the cosy god, says the Star, the machinery is applied to the cradle, and the willing water, tickled at its novel duty, rocks, and rocks, and rocks the cradle, while the babe slumbers sweetly, and Mynheer and his Vrau labor industriously, patterns of content and genius.

THE APPLE BOY.—An old darkey has made his "first appearance this season," in Cincinnati, with his apples. His song runs thus:

"Oh, appales—Oh, appales!
Dese is de fine appales;
If you want to buy dem,
You may come and try dem
And if you doesn't,
No how, you musn't!—
You mustn't come a nigh dem!
Oh appales."

IN THE town of Connecticut, a few years ago, was a grocer's shop where produce and other articles were received in pay for liquors. A little girl came into this shop one day, with a small tin pail, and something covered up in her apron. Going into a corner with the grocer, she whispered, "Mother wants half a pint rum, and here's five eggs—the hen is on the nest now, and when she gets off, I'll fetch over another."

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE FAIR SEX.—"How is Mrs. W., your client, this morning?" said one of the members of the bar to another.

"I think," said the gentleman addressed, she is dying; I drew her will yesterday." "Then I think," replied the first speaker, "she will recover; for every one knows a woman is always better of *having her will*."

CLOSE REASONING.—A little girl at a public school, not long since, asked to be excused from learning her lesson. "Excused," said her instructor, "on what account? Are you not well?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the pupil. "I am well enough, but I don't think there's any use in studying this hard lesson, if the world is coming to an end this year, as Mr. Miller says."

BONAPARTE, who was an awkward dancer, at the close of a dance turned to his partner, and thus addressed her: "I am very sensible, charming Countess, that I have acquitted myself indifferently, but the fact is, my *forte* lies not so much in dancing myself as to make others dance!"

HAIR OIL.—A Missouri editor tells of a bottle of grease sent to him for a puff. He says he spilt a little of it on a lump of butter, and the next morning found the aforesaid lump, when he went to eat it, *full of hairs.*—*Wheeling Times.*

EVERY man has to his own life, follies enough; in his own mind, troubles enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough; in his own fortune, evils enough; without being curious about the affairs of others.

ILL-ASSORTED MARRIAGE.—Life has no wretchedness equal to an ill-assorted marriage—it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghost of past affections, and hopes gone by for ever.—*L. E. L.*

AN English youth of seventy-six years only, lately eloped to Gretna Green with a blooming bride of sixteen. What will not young folks do, these hard times!

A GOOD example in society is like money at compound interest, with this exception—the interest is paid by neither party but received by both.

WHEN you differ with another, and before you come to a quarrel, examine whether that at which you differ is worth contending about.

LADY BLESSINGTON has said that a "love match is an alliance formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar."

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; society, our tongues.

CANDID ENOUGH.—An apothecary in Salem, has written over his door, "All kinds of *dying stuffs* sold here."

LIBERTY is, in its most comprehensive sense, security against wrong.—*Dr. Johnson.*

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Almshouses, and by more than five hundred Clergymen of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best medical colleges in the United States, and has had twenty years experience in an extensive and diversified practice, by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can, and do attest to its usefulness.—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of children, in from fifteen minutes to an hours time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it. IT NEVER HAS FAILED TO CURE ASTHMA OR RELIEVE A COUGH.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

For LIVER COMPLAINTS, GOUT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, FEVERS, NERVOUSNESS, ERYSIPELAS, and diseases of the SKIN, IMPURITY of the BLOOD, INFLAMMATIONS, MELANCHOLY, SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, PAINS in the HEAD, BREAST, SIDE, BACK and LIMBS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c. &c. &c., and whenever an Alterative or Purgative Medicine may be required.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much suffering and sickness might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases which might have been avoided by a timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic Medicines.

The proprietor can recommend these Pills with the greatest confidence, believing them far superior to the Pills in general use; more mild, more prompt, safe and uniform in their operation.

In using them no particular care is required. Persons may eat and drink as usual, if desirable, eat immediately after taking them.

Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach.

In small doses they are Alterative, and gently Laxative, but in large doses, they are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters, and producing healthy secretions of the stomach, liver and the various other organs of the body.

They may be taken at ALL TIMES and in most diseases. In INFLAMMATORY, INTERMITTENT, REMITTENT, BILIOUS, and every other form of FEVER—JAUNDICE and LIVER COMPLAINT. For DYSPEPSIA they are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. They are very valuable for diseases of the skin, and for what is commonly called "Impurity of the blood." Also for FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, &c., and in fact every disease where an Aperient Alterative, or Purgative Medicine may be required.

☞ DYSPEPSIA POSITIVELY CAN BE CURED by a persevering use of this valuable SANATIVE, especially if the Tonic Vermifuge be used in conjunction. Price only 25 cents a box.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as worms. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them; and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected—Worms are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing convulsions, and too often death. The best remedy ever yet known is Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS; neutralizes acidity or Sourness of the Stomach, increases appetite, and acts as a general and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c., and is a certain and permanent cure for FEVER and AGUE.

It not only destroys Worms and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the beds or nests in which worms produce their young, and by removing it—it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is ALWAYS IMPROVED by its use, even when no Worms are discovered.

But it is very far, however, from being limited in its usefulness to mere cases of WORMS, for it may also be prescribed with most decided advantage in all derangements of the stomach and digestive organs—general debility, dropsical swellings, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, as SICK HEADACHE, fluor albus, menorrhagia, &c., Piles, Dyspepsia, Weakness, loss of Appetite, &c. &c.

Price 50 cents per bottle, or $5.00 per dozen.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

For the preservation, growth, beauty and restoration of the HAIR. This Hair Tonic has produced beautiful new hair on the heads of hundreds who had been bald for years. It also purifies the head from Dandruff—Preserves the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely Gray.

It is highly recommended by thousands who have used it, and know its value.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

is a certain, safe and effectual remedy for Dysentery, Diarrhoea, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of the food after eating, and also where it passes through the body unchanged, Want of Appetite, Restlessness and Inability to sleep, Wind in the Stomach and Bowels, Hysterics, Cramp, Nervous Tremors and Twitchings, Sea Sickness, Faintings, Melancholy and Lowness of Spirits, Fretting and crying of Infants, and for all BOWEL AFFECTIONS and all NERVOUS DISEASES.

This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compositions ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the stomach and bowels and the only article worthy of the least confidence for curing CHOLERA INFANTUM or SUMMER COMPLAINT; and in all the above diseases it really acts like a charm.

All persons are requested to try it, for without exception it is one of the most valuable family medicines ever yet discovered. Hundreds! nay thousands, of certificates have been received from Physicians, Clergymen, and families of the first respectability, bearing the strongest testimony in its favor, too numerous to publish.

Price of large bottles 50 cents, small bottles 25 cents.

DR. D. JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS—A positive cure for FEVER and AGUE. Price $1.00.

DR. D. JAYNE'S LIFE PRESERVATIVE—For the cure of Scrofula, King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Tumors, Rheumatism, Gout, Mercurial Diseases, Polypus, &c., and has never failed, in a single instance, whenever it has been used in curing GOITRE or Bronchocele and CANCER.

Price $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

DARLINGTON, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old was seized with a bowel complaint. It continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint, and immediately dispatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked, and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed least the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a tea spoon full of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast, and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours,

ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.

From the Rev. Dr. Babcock, late President of Waterville College, Me., now of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"From intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. D. Jayne, a regular alumnus of the Medical University of Pennsylvania, and an experienced, successful practitioner of medicine, I was prepared to appreciate the numerous testimonials in favor of his different medical preparations, much more highly than the great majority of those which are extensively circulated. On trial of them in my own family, and some of them personally, I have more than realized these favorable anticipations. They are what they profess to be—no quack nostrums—but skilfully prepared antidotes for some of the most afflictive of human diseases. I know that they are highly esteemed, and frequently prescribed, by some of the most respectable of the regular practitioners of medicine in this city and elsewhere, and I do not hesitate to commend them as a valuable addition to our materia medica, and a safe as well as eminently useful remedy for the diseased." RUFUS BABCOCK, Jr. D. D.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1839.

BRIDGETON, July 19, 1839.

This may certify that I have used Doctor Jayne's Carminative Balsam very extensively in Bowel Complaints, and have not the least hesitation in declaring it superior to any preparation that I have met with, for the relief of those diseases. WILLIAM STEELLING, M. D.
Physician to the Cumberland N. J. Almshouse.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. I faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried most of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any benefit. Respectfully yours,

S. B. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 172 Chesnut Street.

MOUNT JOY, Va., Aug. 27, 1839.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir: I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried.

Very respectfully yours,
S. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

☞ *Asthma cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.*—Miss Mary Campbell, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of Asthma, of more than eighteen years continuance, by the use of *Dr. Jayne's Expectorant*. She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are assured of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity and requested to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

We can here only add the names of a few out of the many hundreds, who have used and recommended these valuable preparations, viz.:—

Rev. Dr. Going, President of Granville College, Ohio.
Professor H. K. Green, Charlestown, Mass.
Rev. G. W. Eaton and Rev. J. S. Maginnes, Professors in the Hamilton (N. Y.) Literary and Theological Institution.
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